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# THE ETHOS



FEBRUARY, 1945

How Old the New! — — — — *Mary J. O'Keefe*

Causa Nostrae Laetitiae — — — *Marie F. Myott*

Emperor Concerto — — — — *Laure E. Thibert*

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# HOW OLD THE NEW!

*Mary J. O'Keefe, '45*

THE world is not so static a place as to make the unemployment of map-makers a serious economic threat, but the people in it are much the same today as were their first parents. We do not have to go back to Biblical days to find a man who would pluck the mote out of his neighbor's eye while ignoring the beam in his own.

Every woman, though she wear a mantle, a hoop skirt, or a gown by Adrian, has the curiosity of Lot's wife; and every man, whether in tunic, breeches, or khaki, is as vulnerable as Samson.

Human nature is in its essence immutable. That is why there is such kinship among men of all times and in all climes. That is why literature and art are universal and imperishable. The artists have caught our spirit and preserved our experiences, sober or silly, for the vicarious enjoyment of the rest of mankind. For the first interest of every man is himself, and it is always a delight for him to see himself in others, understood by the knowing observer.

We all have human tastes, aversions, amusements, misfortunes, ambitions, and eccentricities, for we all belong to a race of perplexing, contradictory, unfathomable creatures. But for all our likenesses, life is never monotonous. Though the pattern of life be repeated from the first dawn to the last judgment, there is always a distinction in that pattern which comes from originality and individuality. So while generation after generation repeats itself, time and circumstance and the unfailing uniqueness of personality guard against its becoming a boring repetition.



The pioneers kept in trim by leading a rigorous outdoor life. We take vitamin pills. But our motive for desiring physical fitness is the same. The tintypes in the family album make our grandparents look like curios, but when we compare their ideas with those of their children we can guess that the metamorphosis of the generations has only been skin deep. Manner of existing and means of living may vary, but people are people, however disguised.

The lastingness of literature, and particularly fiction, depends in large part upon the writer's ability to immortalize his characters. To do this, he must make them so true to the human pattern that they can be reproduced in virtually any setting. Although there was a century in time and three thousand miles of ocean in distance between them, yet Charles Dickens could have written *David Copperfield* in my father's home town.

Instead of donkeys out of the green patch, my great-grandmother chased boys out of her apple trees, with all the vanquishing vehemence of Betsey Trotwood. She had much of the starchy vitality of Betsey T. and entertained equally strong ideas on the subject of duty. Grandmother once took my father to the circus, and by late afternoon they had failed to return home. Distressed by the thought that Grandfather's supper would not be ready when he came in from work, my Great-Grandmother implored the vengeance of the elements on her daughter. "Katie," she said to a neighbor, "let us pray that a shower may descend upon them." In modern parlance, she gave Grandmother credit for having sense enough to come in out of the rain.

One of the most beloved of the town characters was a good-natured, awkward looking fellow as "willin" as Barkis. Uriah Heep might have found a sympathetic com-



panion in the "'umble" hypocrite who stored hay in Grandfather's barn. Having filled the barn to capacity, he came into the house to discuss the terms of the rent. He stood with his shoulders hunched and his head half hidden in his collar, wrung his hands and simpered, "Will two dollars be too much?"

Father's Aunt Mary was a lone, lorn creetur', who felt "thinks" as much as Mrs. Gummidge, and bore them about as well. When "thinks" were more "contrairy" with her than usual, she is said to have made Grandfather take her to be measured for her coffin. But Aunt Mary was a dual personality, and in her better moments combined the benevolence and oddity of Peggotty and Betsey Trotwood. My father and three other small boys, their straw hats moored under the chin with strips torn from her petticoat, followed Aunt Mary in cowed submission to a ball game. She sat them down in the middle of the bleachers, opened a parasol, and allowed them to share with her the expressed abuse of those oddities who preferred watching the game to admiring her umbrella.

A phlegmatic ward of the town lived to perfection the philosophy of Micawber. While his family starved, he complacently waited for something to turn up, and seemed rather elated than distressed that something seldom did. To prevent his over-patriotically celebrating a holiday, his wife on that occasion confiscated his coat. But this time something did turn up: her coat. And so he rode into town on the back of a wagon, his arms dangling from leg-of-mutton sleeves, and earnestly confided to his wide-eyed observers, "I believe it's a slight misfit".

If these sketches seem incongruous, it is because we are naturally incongruous, and never more so than when we

least realize it. It is as true as it is trite to say that truth is stranger than fiction; nothing in the world is stranger than its inhabitants. Anyone who can look upon his fellow men with sympathy and can remember not to take them too seriously, will not often lack amusement.

I have not attempted to parallel the serious characters of *David Copperfield*. People as evil as Murdstone, as profligate as Steerforth, and as thoughtless as Emily are common to contemporary society. Fortunately, there is also an abundance of the goodness Dickens portrayed in the Peggotty family, in David, and in Agnes. But we depend upon the comedy of human nature to lighten the tragedies and serious-dramas of life.

By whatever norm they are judged, there is no use denying that men are funny. Some see humor in outraged dignity. Dickens, Austen, and Thackeray saw it in the eccentricity of naturalness. If they were great writers, it was because humanity gave them their inspiration of the sublime and the ridiculous. They but added to it the inimitable grace of their appreciative interpretation.

We all love to dramatize ourselves. We graciously accept flattery and conscientiously object to censure. We are wonderfully inconsistent in our advice and in our conduct. We are keenly sensitive to affront; every general remark by any stretch of the imagination slurring or sarcastic is, we think, directed at *us*.

Apart from the traits which when taken seriously constitute character defects, we have a number of harmless eccentricities, some common to humanity, and some peculiar to us as individuals. One of the common ones is a universal indulgence in absurd hyperbole: "She threw a fit"; "I died

laughing"; "You're a genius"; "He exploded"; "We froze to death"; "The boss killed me".

I have a friend whose greatest difficulty is traveling alone. Usually she misses her train, but occasionally she rushes into the station at the last minute, jumps on the first car she comes to, and worries all the way that she is on the wrong one. If by accident or by the working of the law of averages she happens to be on the right train, she invariably gets excited and hops off at the wrong stop, always in some incommunicable wilderness.

Human personality is a subject which can never be exhausted. Stock characters are not the rare finds of a 20/20 visioned novelist. No one who claims a link, however, strained, with the human race, can plead exemption from the classification. And I think no one should want to; it is that alone which makes us tolerable even to our indulgent selves.

## DOOM

*Clare Donaghue, '45*

Shot from the sky.  
Just a moment ago  
It was soaring on high.

Meteor-flash,  
Tail wings aflame,  
Spinning to crash,

Down zooms until  
Mangled and quivering  
The wreck lies still.



# CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE

*Marie F. Myott, '45*

And wilt thou enter Maiden blest  
So soon this house of prayer?  
And wilt thou come by Love caressed  
In eager flight now, where  
No loving Mother e'er beside  
Thee, watchful waits to chide  
Thy slender cares, no Father near  
To laugh with thee in joy-linked cheer!

But Mary thou must go. He  
From eternity's vast abyss  
Who Was and Is, has destined thee  
For great things: Mother's bliss  
And seven-sword grief. Thy time  
Has come—His will is thine,  
The Father's will e'er yet the Son  
Will claim thee, Women blest among.

Thine in the incense-flooded day  
To chant His praises, sing  
Of Shema and Hallel, and pray  
For night when whispering  
He answers, tests thy heart with flame,  
Prepares thee; soon to claim  
Thee, temple-guarded, House of Gold:  
Thine to wait; and then—Behold!



# FOREVER

*Mary J. Reardon, '45*

THERE had been rioting in the town last night. Gay celebrations and aimless carousings, somehow, had developed into incidents less innocent than their beginnings. The Colonel was inclined to take an indulgent attitude toward the affair, for had he not been with the men and junior officers during the days which had lengthened into weeks of fighting, and horror, and bloodshed. Were they not entitled then, he reasoned, to attempt to blot out those memories, and to seize the moment for forgetfulness? Thus he saw fit to issue but a warning, strengthened by the suggestion of penalties for any future offenders. The Colonel had done his duty. The episode was at an end as far as the Division was concerned.

To the battle-weary men under the direction of Sergeant Stannard, the pathetically short respite was doubly precious. The strain of constant fighting had told heavily upon their nerves, and the ceaseless, unrelenting precision and demands of Sergeant Stannard himself had held them in continuous tension. Then, just as endless and steady as the driving had been, the stress and strain had snapped suddenly with the suspension of hostilities. The men relaxed.

In A Barracks, the men were in various stages of preparation for their trip into the town. The scene was not peaceful. A badly organized choral group was engaged in reckless competition with a popular harmonica trio. A high state of activity had been reached by the time young Barnes was sent out to petition from the benevolent Ordnance Sergeant

some means of transportation. A small group posted at the window was supposedly hastening his return. Finally, with the approach of a motorcycle, they shrieked a triumphant announcement,

"Here he comes!"

The quartet prepared to receive him magnificently.

Young Barnes entered, flushed, excited. "Liberty for A Barracks has been cancelled," he said quietly.

After the uproar had subsided, he added, "Instructions issued by Sergeant Stannard."

The moment of stunned silence which followed was broken at last as Jerry Carleton flung himself forward with an angry gesture, and a demand for an explanation.

"Has he taken on the duties of a Chaplain too?" he flared.

Low mutterings made a round of the room.

"Why not have someone go, and find out why," somebody argued.

"I'll go. Let me!" Jerry Carleton said. "It'll be a pleasure!"

It was settled, then.

Seeking out the Sergeant, Jerry reflected that a modification of his statement might be in order, but nevertheless, a sense of outraged justice prevented his anger from cooling.

The Sergeant was alone, apparently studying, Jerry thought. Strange he could not stifle a certain sense of admiration for the man. It was his ability for leadership, perhaps, that was the reason; but more often he felt that there was something more adequate.

As a leader, he and the other men knew him to be precise, exacting, and demanding; achieving, he owned, individual perfection from his group as men, and as soldiers. As a man, they knew him not at all. He was cold, distant, retiring.

They could never really know him. So far from understanding his personality, they were even more vague concerning his habits. He was never in contact with friends, even by correspondence. It had not taken long to determine that. Conjectures were many and varied. Jerry had never been able to decide which story seemed most plausible. And Jerry's experience with the man mystery had gone beyond that of the others. . . .

It was in Algiers, but a few months previous to the present engagement. The day was hot, and few had ventured into the city. Jerry alone, was engaged in cautious, and by his consideration, conservative souvenir purchases. Coming out of the narrow doorway of a shop, he hesitated for an instant to watch the slow progress of a touring car, gleaming black in the sun. Not more than a few yards from the place where Jerry stood, it stopped, apparently to await the approach of a lone soldier who seemed completely oblivious of it. From the car, a young man got out. His face and hands were untouched by the sun. He was evidently newly arrived in Algiers. The man hesitated, murmured something to the occupants of the sedan, and with a step which lacked the firmness that he was seemingly anxious to assume, he put himself in the path of the advancing soldier.

"Mark! Mark Brenton!" He extended his hand eagerly. A mildly questioning gaze was the first response.

"Mark!" There was a pleading note in his tone, almost one of reproach.

"I'm sorry, there must be some mistake." The soldier returned the other's gaze unfalteringly. Hurt and incredulity were blent in the eyes which sought his. Then suddenly, the accosted Mark broke from their penetration, turned quickly, and made off in the direction of the shop.



Jerry perceived the necessity for a strategic retreat. This he executed with grace. The soldier drew near, and Jerry saw it was Stannard, his face inscrutable.

Jerry, the only witness of the episode, finally came out from the shelter of the shop. He heard himself addressed by the stranger of the touring car. Headquarters? Just a short distance. He indicated an unimposing, low-roofed building within easy distance. The C.O.? Colonel Walker. That was all. The stranger thanked him and returned to the car which swung slowly about, in the direction of the low-slung building. With an elaborate air of nonchalance, Jerry sauntered hopefully in its wake.

A week passed. Between the routine of the days, and the joyous delirium of a three-day pass, Jerry found time to inspect the incoming mail with remarkable diligence. Towards the end of the second week, something came which must fulfill his speculations and ease his curiosity. It was a letter, postmarked in England, addressed in distinctive handwriting, to the Sergeant. That in itself was unusual. To Jerry's great disappointment, a corresponding letter, addressed to the C.O. was not to be found, even after he had enlisted the secret assistance of the harassed mail clerk. The addressed letter was duly delivered. Any sequel to its delivery was not forthcoming. Rather, it was on Jerry himself that unenviable attention was centered, almost immediately afterward.

It had come about through a misunderstanding between some soldiers and natives. After a brief skirmish, Jerry Carleton carried off the acclaim of his comrades, which came to an abrupt end as the news reached headquarters. It was a serious offence. No defence could be offered apparently, and none of his superiors seemed willing to speak for



him. Then, just as suddenly as the case arose, it was dismissed. One of the men assured Jerry that Stannard had spoken for leniency. Jerry tried to approach him, but was met with a rebuff which left him hurt, confused, and resentful.

Then, there was no more time for personal concerns. The order came on a cool and beautiful day that brought a sweet breeze from the Mediterranean.

"Get ready to leave at once. We're moving in!"

All that seemed years past, and yet it had been only a few weeks.

And now. . . .

The Sergeant would see him now. . . .

Why had he been so mad as ever to think of questioning him, Jerry wondered. But he gathered up his courage and made his request quietly.

Stannard faced him, squarely.

"Very well, then, the order's been sent out by now . . . we're to go forward again, tomorrow, with supplies."

"Give them their one night, then . . ."

"You don't understand!" he interrupted roughly. "This advance may be their, our last. We'll be ready!"

"If it's to be their last, then give them their . . ."

Stannard stiffened perceptibly. When he spoke it was more quietly. Jerry knew it for a signal that there was nothing more to be said.

"We'll be ready!"

Jerry Carleton left. His anger still smouldered. He was unsatisfied, yet half consoled. He had been given no reason. He must go back to the men, who by this time would have heard the second order. He selected a longer, roundabout route.

The slow, tedious advance started next day with the grey cheerless dawn. The men went on in numbed silence, neither sullen nor resentful, but the silence of those who only half understand. It was a strange, unearthly quiet, unshattered until mid-afternoon, when the even more dreaded sound of shell firing resounded.

This continued, incessantly. Their losses began, mounting and mounting. Jerry Carleton lost consciousness of time and purpose. The others must feel it too, he considered hazily. Only the sergeant excepted. . . . He could see him, not far off, encouraging the men. Last night seemed very far away.

No sun shone today, and darkness came swiftly. Jerry began to be afraid. The very earth seemed to shudder beneath him. There was a sudden reverberating shock. Jerry crumpled helplessly to the ground. A terrible blackness enveloped him. He was completely alone.

Later, much later, it was still night, and the quiet had come again. This time a still, unbroken quiet. Stannard was there, supporting him gently, and the others . . . where were the others?

He was worrying about something now, and this man. . . .

"What is it, Jerry?"

"What you said about being ready. . . . I know. . . . I'm not. . . ."

Why did Stannard look so strange? The man was kneeling beside him now. His hand was raised. . . . Jerry heard distinctly the words. "Ego te absolvo. . . ." With a quiet smile Stannard whispered, "It's all right now, Jerry, it's all right now."

Jerry groped blindly. He sought the other's hand.

"Yes. I know. Thanks, thanks . . . Father."

## VALUES

*Florence L. Logue, '46*

Above the hulking earth, firm-poised in flight,  
I search below where spectered targets loom  
Like huddled ghosts who wait impending doom,  
Yet powerless stand in awful, frozen fright;  
I strain to pierce the close-meshed veil of night  
Which shrouds the ground with Stygian deep gloom;  
I shudder in my confined cockpit room,  
My war-sick heart is weary of this fight.  
Yet when my leader's curt command resounds,  
I swoop with eagle-zest upon my prey;  
My fingers fatal, death-charged bombs release,  
To shatter those within defenceless bounds.  
And though I hate the ruin wrought today,  
Yet fight I ever to bring world-wide peace.

## CONFLICT

*Genevieve B. Kenefick, '45*

O give me power of creatures wild,  
And strength to live as Nature's child;  
In living let me conquer all,  
The will to fight let never pall.  
To know, to hunt, to find, to keep  
Will satisfy. And then to sleep  
Until the dawn returns to give  
Unused fair hours for me to live.

Young questionings, strange voices, ask:  
Is this the all, the finished task?  
Is this the end of mind and will?  
Then quench this flame, this riot still.  
For inner forces joust and fight,  
And battle in a search for light.  
This cannot be the perfect whole:  
I have not satisfied my soul.



# SHADOWS

*Margaret E. Honekamp, '45*

Good-by is not so hard, my son,  
We find no bitter cup to quaff;  
You're glad to go, and I'm the one  
That's proud. I say farewell—and laugh.  
(Ah, Magdalen, as He trudged by,  
Hid you your heartbreak from His eye?)

Stay yet awhile, if time does not,  
I'll help you with those packs, that gun,  
Your barracks bag, the rope seems caught,  
Let me unloosen it, my son.  
(Veronica, when you lent the veil,  
Thought you how young He is, how pale?)

This is the track. The rest, I see  
Are young like you, and as eager, too.  
Good-by, dear lad, write oft to me,  
You'll be near in letters. I'll be seeing you.  
(Ah Mary, Mother of Sorrows, that day  
Went you, and suffered along His way?)

# THE RIVER

*Corrine V. Comerford, '45*

THE girl leaned against the broad railing of the bridge that spanned the river. She lifted her arm as if to throw into the river something she held in her hand. Instead of completing the action she lowered her arm, and with her hands smoothed out a crumpled sheet of vellum. There was no salutation on the letter which was written in long, shaded characters.

"Sorry I can't make it. Utterly impossible! My dear, you actually took me seriously? I was merely in a good mood; the music was divine, the atmosphere, heavenly. I'm sure you understand.

"No, don't come to the office. They might misunderstand. Now, take this check and buy yourself a nice hat or something.

"Remember, I'm depending upon you to use your common sense." There was no signature.

The girl re-read the letter in the rapidly fading light. A wry smile twisted her lips. The expression distorted a sweet face. The light from a street lamp a few yards away cast shadows around her deep-set eyes. Long eyelashes appeared even longer in the dim light and swept fantastic shadows on her cheeks. Her eyes gleamed, but not from warmth or high spirits.

Slowly, deliberately she tore the letter into shreds. One by one she threw each piece into the river. When she had finished, she dug her hand into her coat pocket and extracted a silver cigarette case and lighter. Her hand was steady as

she lit a cigarette. She took the rest of the cigarettes from the case, extended her hand high, as if mimicking a ballerina, and dropped the case into the water. She watched it fall, a silver streak. One after the other she smoked the remaining cigarettes, until the last was ashes. Her actions did not suggest the professional chain-smoker. Then, with a sweep of her hand, she flipped the ashes off the railing. She stared down into the water.

A fog had crept through the air which smelled of the east wind. It would soon spread in a thick, shapeless mass over the river, and for a few minutes the black water would be clearly visible. Afterwards it would remain stationary and almost obliterate the river. At these times it reminded the girl of a painting she had once seen of Judgment Day. The picture had been done in different shades of grey, and the souls had been suggested rather than depicted. What ghosts were lying on the bottom of this river, the girl wondered.

Periodically the fog would lift. Then the shining water would look like an immense coiling black snake. Later it might resemble a giant eye, the great black pupil swelling and contracting. It would give the girl a knowing, malicious wink. A few seconds afterwards the fog would swirl over the water again, and the girl would have the sensation of gazing into another world.

But most often when the fog cleared, the river had the appearance of a soft, velvet magic carpet. Jump down on my caressing folds it seemed to say. I shall give you more joy than the River of Lethe. You will forget all your troubles and heartaches forever. There will be no need of your coming back into the world of chaos. Come with me, come with me, it sang softly and gently. I shall ease your burden



and cool your heated body. There will be no painful tomorrows, nor any recollection of ruined yesterdays.

The lulling sound of the river soothed her nerves. It was like low and distant music. It had a hypnotic effect on the girl. Her eyes widened in a sightless stare. She leaned further over the railing and extended the soles of her shoes under the bar of the fence. She did not notice that the rust made streaks on her stockings, nor that the old chipped iron snagged her ankles. She was aware only of a fascinating invitation to forgetfulness, where a black curtain would ripple around an aching head and blot out all care.

Once again she held out her hand and dropped from it the cigarette lighter. It fell like a silver shooting star and as it splashed the gleaming spray looked like an exploding sky rocket. She took from her pocket a check. She glanced at it, then tore it into tiny pieces, as she had done before to the letter. The bits of paper skipped and danced, then fluttered onto the water, looking like flower petals in a pool.

Don't be afraid the river seemed to say. There is nothing to fear. You have the courage. Look around; there is no one watching you. Who would miss you, or mourn for you? Oh, the landlady might wonder what had happened; why you did not return. Then in a few days she would pick the lock of the trunk to see what she could salvage. In another week someone else would be occupying your room. Landladies were used to disappearances and minded their own business. What is there to prevent your jumping? Now, now before it is too late. Jump, and then . . .

The girl blinked. Slowly she raised her head as one coming out of a trance. What after the river had flowed its course? She turned suddenly as she felt a hand tap on her shoulder.

"Miss, I've been watching ye for the past few minutes,"

said a policeman who was dressed in the regular caped rain-coat which glistened in the fog. "Now if ye don't git along, I'll have to run ye in as a suspicious character," he continued, not unkindly. "Git along with ye now. Go ahead."

The girl shuddered. For the first time she realized she felt cold and clammy. Sweat had made her clothes cling to her like a bathing suit. She took a few steps in the direction from which she had come. She looked back through the misty streets, but the policeman had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. The girl shivered. Her spine felt pricked. She would have sworn that for the last few minutes she had been the only person near the bridge. Surely she would have heard him approach. Perhaps he had been there for some time previous. She quickened her pace. She wanted to go home. She did not like people to materialize suddenly, and then leave no trace of their existence.

She reached the corner of the street which led to the river. Some impulse made her turn and look back. To her surprise the fog had begun to lift. She could clearly see the river which was a cold, repulsive grey. A few minutes before . . . but then, the fog was a great deceiver.

# HEART HAVEN

*Marjorie J. Dickneite, '46*

Let there always be sunlight and shadow  
On grass that grows moist-green and high,  
On gay fields and flower-sprinkled meadows  
Where buttercups glint at the sky.

Let the sunlight dapple my garden  
Through trees that the south wind has blown,  
Let the violets hide in the shadow  
Of fern that the sunlight has grown.

True harmony comes as a wild bee  
Straight to nature's fine-scented flowers,  
So the perfume of goodness in this life  
Wafts us upwards to high heaven's bowers.



# EMPEROR CONCERTO

*Laure E. Thibert, '46*

DON'T tell me you're going to do it, Frances!"

"Why, Doctor Bill! How on earth did you know? You never read the newspaper!"

"I read it this morning. Why didn't you tell me about this? I don't like it."

"I knew you wouldn't like it. That's why I didn't tell you!" Frances Capell laughed into the telephone.

But she knew by the silence that followed her flippant retort that Doctor Harvey was in no joking mood. She curled her legs up a little higher and pulled her pink quilted robe way around.

"Now look, Bill," she was serious, "I'm really feeling fine. It's an awful chance, I know, but think what it will mean! Twenty-four hours before his performance with the Boston Symphony, Robert Cassedessus is taken seriously ill. There is no other artist available on such short notice and so I, Frances Capell, am asked to replace him. Imagine it! I am replacing Cassedessus! Here I've been simply overjoyed for six months because finally this winter I was to play in the Aaron Richmond Series. And now, out of the blue comes the Symphony. I thought it would be years and years before I could reach that. It's all so unbelievable! And besides, Bill, if I don't play now," her fingers tightened on the phone, "who knows about those years and years."

"But Frances, all this excitement isn't going to help. How many times must I tell you that your heart will not stand another—"

"I know. I know, Bill. But can you be sure? Is your science of medicine so exact and infallible that you can answer with certainty questions of life and death? I know how close it was this last time, but, Bill, that was months ago, and now I am feeling so well." She tried to be convincing.

"If you're going to start that story, Frances, I have nothing to say. You're doing this at your own risk, remember. You know how I feel, and—well, good luck anyway."

With that brusque remark he was gone. Slowly, Frances put down the receiver, uncurled her legs, and walked toward the dressing table.

He was angry. How often we have gone through this, she thought as she dressed. It was always the same old story. For three years now, since that first serious heart attack struck her as she had almost reached the summit of a glorious musical career, Frances had been slowly, progressively declining in strength. With each successive year had come fewer hours at her piano, fewer concerts, more days in bed, more pain. Yet always, as soon as there was the slightest improvement, her old illusory confidence would return, stronger, more tenacious than ever. Always that perennial, deep-rooted hope would crop up again like a sturdy plant that had resisted frost and blight. But always, and she tried not to think of this, Doctor Harvey had been right and she had been wrong.

Not this time, though, she thought as she tied the first button of her brown dress. Certainly not this time! She became more emphatic with each button. Finally, when she reached the last one she said half aloud,

"This time, Doctor Harvey, I'm going to show you that I'm right!"

And why not? For three years she had accepted her imprisonment. She had taught her quivering ambitions to be patient and they had long since ceased to beat against the bars of their cage. But she had allowed her burning talent to lie dormant only because she was so certain that someday release would come. And now that day was here. Tonight she would play with the Boston Symphony! Tonight her gift would be free of its chains and her music would soar to hitherto unknown heights. Of all this Frances was confident.

Presently she had to bring her thoughts back to earth in search of her gloves. When she had found them she glanced up at the clock. She must hurry! Rehearsal at eleven. Rehearsal! She laughed. The very word made her fingers tingle! Its familiarity filled her being with a warmth she had almost forgotten. She could not reach Symphony Hall soon enough!

As she drove along the river she thought of the thrill she had received yesterday when Doctor Koussevitsky had asked her to play Beethoven's Fifth Concerto. At first she thought she had misunderstood and she had not answered him immediately.

"But I am asking too much of you on such short notice, Madame," he had apologized.

"Oh no, Doctor! I know the Fifth very well! I shall be only too happy . . ."

He could not know, of course, how long it was since she had played the "Emperor". Yet, she was not afraid! She knew that she had only to place her soul in her fingertips and her deep love for this beautiful concerto would give her a power of expression that would transcend the mere perfection of technique and mechanics.

While her steady hands on the wheel maneuvered her car



through Huntington Avenue traffic, Frances' thoughts played excerpts from the "Emperor": now a few chords of the dramatic first movement, now the main theme of the devotional second. And before she realized it, not only had she reached Symphony Hall and been greeted by Doctor Koussevitsky, but she was already making the brief rhapsodic excursions on the keyboard that separated the three orchestral chords.

Rehearsal was long and tedious. It had to be—Frances had never played with the Symphony before. Here was an ensemble of musicians of the greatest artistic sincerity and integrity and in those few hours of practice she had much to learn from them. She doubted if there were a more co-operative and indulgent group of artists anywhere in the world.

And their magnificent conductor! She marvelled at the patience and understanding he showed her! Under his inspiring direction her interpretation gained both in stature and in beauty, and she came to know why he is considered the greatest all-round conductor of the day.

It was almost two o'clock before they were ready to go through the entire concerto for a last, uninterrupted time. Frances was tired but when she saw how perfectly coordinated her playing and that of the orchestra had become during those few hours of rehearsing together she felt immeasurably satisfied. Conductor, soloist, and orchestra had reached such an emotional strain at the end of the first meticulous movement that they paused only momentarily before starting the second.

Throughout this subdued movement Frances remained tense and absorbed. But their timing was fused so exactly that finally toward the end she allowed her body to relax a

little. Can it be we have played two whole movements without fault, she thought! Then for no reason at all she felt faint and giddy. The music score blurred before her eyes. This was impossible! She shook her head quickly as if to repel this vague awareness of something troublesome stirring within. This must be a trick of my imagination, she told herself. And for the rest of the movement she did succeed in holding off the insidious, creeping thing.

Again the pause between movements was brief and Frances had time only to arrange her music on its rack. Once Doctor Koussevitsky had raised his baton, every fibre of her being responded to the vigorous, full-blooded measures of the music.

Suddenly, half way through the movement, she felt a painful constriction across her chest, like the tightening of a rope that had been stealthily twisted around her from the back. The feeling came upon her with such surprise and distress that in panic she cried out NO! But her cry was lost in a tremendous chord and before Doctor Koussevitzky glanced her way again she had regained enough composure to go on playing.

Enough composure! Once during a crescendo Frances tossed her head back and gave a short, bitter laugh. Was it composure to pretend not to see the dark, furious clouds of pain racing toward her, knowing that soon, perhaps at the very next moment, she would be engulfed in the overwhelming fullness of the storm? Was it composure to feel the solid ground beneath her turn to treacherous quicksand and to be unable to cry out against it? Frances did not know.

She knew only that she wished the music would stop! She felt that if she could be quiet long enough to face this thing it would disappear like a mirage. It couldn't possibly

mean anything. I'm just tired and in my tenseness over the music I am imagining a pain. How can it be more than that when I have been feeling so well? I'm exhausted and hungry, that's all.

But the aching persisted. Impossible!! I am dreaming. This cannot be! I am just tired. Her confusion grew worse. By the time she had played her final chord, Frances was so shaken by the conflicting emotions within her she did not have the strength to rise from her seat.

Doctor Koussevitzky walked toward her. She hoped he would not be long. She had to get out and think!

"You have been very patient, Madame Capell. I am sorry that I kept you so long. But, you understand, we must play tonight."

"Please don't apologize, Doctor. It is you who have been patient. Without your painstaking assistance I could never have . . ."

"Oh no, Madame, you are wrong!" the great conductor interrupted, "I want only to say that your interpretation has made me feel that I have never completely understood the 'Emperor' before today."

Serge Koussevitzky had quietly walked over to her piano to tell her that! Frances was speechless. Surely her poor wretched body would not let her down now!

When she left Symphony Hall a few minutes later, she felt so weak and dizzy that she had hardly the strength to reach her car. Even the crisp outdoor air could do nothing to revive her and she sank in the front seat as if the last ounce of vitality in her body had been spent.

Oh you cruel, mysterious wound within me! Must you persist in haunting me even here! Are you going to dash my



dearest hope to the ground, now when that hope is almost a glorious reality?

She threw herself forward dejectedly on the wheel and buried her face in her arms. But no, I do not mean a glorious reality for it is not personal glory I seek. My God! Thou knowest it is only Thee I wish to glorify in my music! Daily I have thanked Thee for my art which is but a gift from Thee. Surely, Thou would'st not bring me to within a few hours . . .

Her body convulsing in a violent paroxysm, she could not finish the sentence. My God! I entreat Thee! Do not forsake me now! she prayed. For a long time she wept bitterly, desperately, as if to drain all the anguish from her soul.

Suddenly her sobbing grew quiet and Frances felt the void within her being filled by a new surging courage. Maybe I'm wrong! This may not be a heart attack at all!

Quickly she raised her head from the wheel and pushed her damp hair away from her forehead. Why had she let herself think this? She swallowed the last of her tears and fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief. But of course! Why hadn't she thought of it sooner? She shouldn't have let go this way before seeing Bill! Bill would know! Bill would tell her she was wrong! Her hope was wild and she counted recklessly on Doctor Harvey's skill. Why hadn't she thought of this sooner!

She sped up Commonwealth Avenue to his office. Bill would tell her she was wrong! Yet, the pain within her breast was stifling.

The minutes were long during which Frances waited for the last patient to come out of Doctor Harvey's inner office. When the door did open Bill came out with his patient.



But not until that man had left did he turn to her and ask very casually, unnecessarily.

"What can I do for you, Frances?"

"Bill! I'm afraid it's coming again!"

"Oh, you may be wrong, Frances! But come in to my office. We'll see!"

As he closed the white door behind them, Doctor Harvey heaved a discouraged sigh. How would he tell her *this* time? When he turned toward his desk he saw Frances sitting there waiting, face taut and frightened. Never had he seen her looking quite so distressed. Her eyes were burning with a fire of desperate hope and looking through them, he could almost see the ravages consuming her within. She is suffering an indescribable agony, he thought, and she is alone in her battle for there is nothing that even I can do.

"Oh, Bill! I'm sick! I'm so confused by this aching within me that now I can't tell whether it really is the onset of another attack I feel or whether in my anxiety over the concert I am dreaming up palpitations!"

"You're undoubtedly dreaming, Frances!" he laughed.

How could he say that when that very morning he had warned her so severely?

"But, Frances, all this excitement isn't going to help. How many times must I tell you that your heart will not stand another . . ." Isn't that what he had started to say? And now he dared to tell her she was dreaming!

It took him only a few moments to adjust the stethoscope and cardiograph and he began the examination in silence. Thump! Thump! Thump! Each heart beat amplified was like a thunderous roar in the small office. The irregular, agitated booming filled every corner of the room and seemed to constrict the walls with each throb. Just as Frances thought

the ceiling would cave down upon her, Doctor Harvey removed the stethoscope and as suddenly, the room was filled with a chaotic, ominous stillness.

"Yes, Bill?"

"You heard it yourself, Frances." Slowly, he pushed the cardiograph away.

"How long do you give it?"

"An hour or two, at the most."

"But the concert, Bill!"

Doctor Harvey was silent.

"But, Bill! You must do something to hold it off! I have to play tonight! Bill, you've got to help me!"

"Anything I did now to delay this attack would only weaken your chances of recovery afterwards. There isn't much choice, Frances. Your trouble is already in sight. You can't run away from it now."

"Bill, you don't understand. I'm not trying to run away. I've always fought this monster before—and won—and I'll win again this time. But first, I must play my concerto. Bill—above all—I *must* play tonight!"

"You'd only be playing on borrowed time."

"But a concerto on borrowed time, that's better than no concerto at all, Bill!"

And Doctor Harvey felt she was right. As far as he could determine from his medical knowledge this would be her last performance and he felt he should do all in his power to make it her best. Why must this brave, gifted woman be continually hampered by a miserable, worthless body, he asked himself as he prepared the potent hypodermic. Why must she who has so much to give the world be the victim of a hopeless malady when so many healthy people use their

energies but to fret life away? It irritated him that his Science could not give him the answers.

"Do you know, Bill," Frances said as he rubbed alcohol on her forearm, "I think this disease within me is very much like the antagonist of a drama. Really, it never misses a cue! Always when the action is running almost too smoothly to be true, it pounces on the scene like a melodramatic villain and shatters my new-found happiness to smithereens. Then the struggle begins and I have to . . ."

"Don't waste your breath, Frances. You know you don't have to tell me these things. And besides, you've got to start relaxing right now!"

Frances watched the solution disappear in her arm, then when he had deftly plucked the needle from her arm, she looked up at him gratefully,

"What can I say, Bill?"

"Nothing! Save your energy for tonight. Go right home to bed and try to sleep until you have to start dressing. And don't lift a finger unnecessarily. Now, on your way!"

"How long will this be effective, Bill?" she asked as he helped her with her coat.

"Until ten o'clock, if we're lucky." He walked to the door with her. "One thing more before you leave, Frances—good luck with your concert tonight. You deserve it."

"Thanks, Bill." Then before closing the door behind her she looked back at him and laughed, "And you know what I think about the infallibility of medicine!"

When she had left, Doctor Harvey shook his head and walked slowly toward his desk. "God! Where does she get her courage!"



When Frances glanced at the clock it was five minutes past seven.

"I've never slept all this time!" she gasped.

How rested and well she felt! There was no more raging throbbing within, no more pain, no torment, only a comfortable, peaceful well-being. She stretched herself lazily between the warm sheets then laughed. Was this the calm before or after the storm, she wondered.

She did not give herself time to answer that question but thought immediately of the concert. Tonight I am playing in Symphony Hall! Tonight I shall play the "Emperor" Concerto! Tonight! Tonight! The word danced dizzily around her head. But *this* is tonight! What am I doing in bed!

She hopped up quickly and for the next hour and a half was so busy preparing for the evening that she did not sing out another joyous "Tonight!" until she had locked the apartment door behind her!

The orchestra was already in the last movement of their Brahms Symphony when Frances walked through the backstage entrance. I didn't have a minute to waste, she thought. In fact, hardly had she had time to remove her wrap and give herself a few last minute touches, when Doctor Koussevitzky was backstage discussing final details with her. The intermission was short and he had many things to do.

"I must find my first violinists before returning to the stage and I have only five minutes. You will excuse me, Madame?"

"Of course, Doctor."

"And, Madame Capell," he clasped her hand, "I am not worried. I know you will be excellent."

Frances stood alone in the left wing while the announcer



introduced her. She waited for his nod, and when she had caught it, she raised her head a little higher, smoothed the folds of her black velvet gown, and stepped on the stage.

If only Margot, her sixteen year old daughter, were here! How she would thrill at the sight of her distinguished mother, graciously crossing the stage to her piano! "Mother, you're simply beautiful!" she would have exclaimed.

In ten years Frances had learned to bow to an audience without seeking out David, her husband. But this was the first time that she did not catch a glimpse of her beaming Margot. She knew that five hundred miles away Margot was listening to a boarding-school radio, but still, after the concert there would be no one to . . . After the concert! The phrase pierced her mind like a cold, steel knife. She dared not think beyond it.

The lights were dimming now. The audience sat hushed. The soloist sat at her piano, poised, waiting for the signal from Dr. Koussevitzky that would strike those majestic opening chords. He lifted the baton! At that moment, Frances raised her whole being to the sublime heights of the music, felt all the exalted emotions of Beethoven himself, then, through her own virile interpretation, brought back to her audience a concerto of imperial grandeur.

She lavished her talent on her listeners. She gave them all the beauty of her soul. Each sensitive finger became an outlet from which poured all the high courage, the hope, at once desperate but determined, that surged within her. And, though the heart in her breast was numb, Frances Capell gave the most moving, most eloquent performance of her life.

For long minutes she bowed and re-bowed to her thundering audience. Then she saw Doctor Harvey applauding from

left wing! Giving one last smile to listeners, she made a quick exit and ran to him.

"Bill!"

"You were splendid, Frances."

"Thank you, Bill." Her long, strong fingers touched his sleeve. "I'm very glad you came." In that quick gesture there was inexpressible gratitude for his watchfulness and his untiring devotion.

"I'll only be a moment getting my things."

"There isn't time, Frances." In spite of himself, Doctor Harvey's voice sounded like a portent storm signal.

"I'm sorry, Bill. I had almost forgotten. What time is it?"

"Nearly ten."

"Nearly ten? Then we must hurry!" her voice trembled.

"You got me a room at the hospital, didn't you?"

"Everything is ready, Frances."

They walked to the door in a tense silence. Before stepping outside, Frances turned her head back toward the hall and listened.

"Do you hear them, Bill? They're still applauding!"

But Bill did not answer. Already his thoughts were of oxygen tents and respirators, and he worried about the exactness of his Science.

His small coupe was there at the curb. Gently he helped Frances into it. She smiled.

"I think they liked it, Bill!"

After watching Doctor Harvey walk around to his side of the car, settle himself quickly behind the wheel, and put his foot on the starter, Frances leaned back and closed her eyes. The enthusiastic ovation of the audience still sounded in her ears. She was happy. But it was ten o'clock. Any moment, now, the dread antagonist would make his entrance on her stage.

## RESIGNATION

*Sister Frances Aloysius, S.U.S.C., '45*

But yesteryear,  
In lilac-scented May,  
You, cherished child, were here:  
The blue-drenched, moth-soft air seemed lighter  
For your breathing;  
The violet and daffodil swayed brighter  
With your wreathing.  
You, centered in your baby charms, all glee,  
Spring's budding beauty upon field and tree;  
A mother heart did, well contented, sip  
Rare nectar from your lovely, laughing lip.

But that was yesteryear.  
Again 'tis May:  
Today a mother heart is quaffing pain—  
But, darling, mother loss has been your gain.  
For ever, here, she will forego the bliss  
Of fondling chubby cheek,  
Of feeling velvet kiss;  
Yet she'll smile spite empty arms  
Through lonely day;  
Where you are, now, no harms,  
'Tis always May.



# LINKÈD SWEETNESS

*Joan D. Clarke, '45*

WE HAVE always heard a great deal about the Russian "soul", meaning, of course, not the soul as such, but rather that tempestuous, tumultuous principle that makes a Russian so different from other men. In novels, plays, and poems, that omnipresent emotionalist lilts from tears to laughter as lightly as a boy skips from rock to rock along the shore. Is this always a true picturization of the Russian temperament, or is he merely a little more demonstrative showing than convention prescribes elsewhere? If he is this way, why so? And what good does he do?

Listening to Russian music, you can find the answers to these questions, and to many more. You can hear the sobbing sorrow of serfdom, and the laughing music of festival time; the maddened abandon of revolution, the quixotic silence of a new regime. You learn why the Russian is the way he is.

In October the black-tunicked Don Cossacks came again to Boston. With them was their leader, Serge Jaroff: small, tiny, in fact, of stature, but immense in artistic ability. The program consisted of three sections: the first religious, the other two composed of folk songs and modern war songs. The "Credo" by Katalsky was particularly impressive, because of its allegro tempo and repetition of theme, all countered by the recurring voices of the tenors' refrain:

"was crucified, died and was buried."

The "Ave Maria" from *The Evening Service* by Rachmaninoff is called one of Rachmaninoff's "happy works."

Through it surge devotion and humility, love and thanksgiving. It is more sombre and less melodious than the Aves of the Roman Catholic Church. Foreign in cast, it is the output of another culture, a song of the East. But it is substantiated in spiritual significance, for it overflows with love for Mary. In "Oh God, Save Thy People", another excellent example of Russian Church music, there was again the rapid, almost rollicking chant, with refrains by the entire chorus. All these first selections showed some sobriety, but rather than being melancholic, they were happy. They manifested hopefulness of spirit.

Section two included three beautiful folk songs, "Who Knows?" arranged by Shvedoff, and "In the Dark Forest" by Mr. Jaroff. Here was folk song at its best, authentic, rhythmic, colorful, and exciting. As a special encore, the "Meadowlands" was sung. The smooth, singing, strains of this song are magnificent when played by an orchestra, but even more marvelous effects are achieved by the forty-odd Dons. A low humming commenced first, then by some vocal gymnastics, one member imitated the sound of a horse's hoofs, "clop, clop, clop" trotting over a country road, coming nearer and nearer. Then commenced the melody, with the hoof beats sounding in the background. At the end, the melody died away and the hoofbeats grew fainter and fainter, and ceased.

No accompaniment of any kind was used. Little direction was needed or given. Several war songs were included in the last section, songs of prayer, of love and laughter. They added little to Russian music except exuberance, which was there already.

The program concluded with "Dark Eyes" and the "Cossack Song", two favorites. The latter expresses the love of

the Cossack for his homeland by the Kuban River, and his love of battle.

Another musical event of a different caliber, which came during the Fall season was a revival of the Romantic Comic Opera *Robin Hood*. Written by Reginald de Koven, this operetta was composed especially for "The Bostonians", an opera company who produced this piece, *Don Quixote* and other like operettas in the 1870's. It is an original treatment of the Robin Hood legend.

Present are Robin Hood and all the merry men. Robert Field was competent as Robin, while Barbara Scully (who appeared here in *The Student Prince* in 1942, and a group of light operas in 1943) was charming and altogether efficient as Maid Marion.

There were several excellent musical numbers, among them "The Milkmaid's Song", "I Am the Sheriff of Nottingham", "Brown October Ale", and the constantly sung, "Oh Promise Me". Although these numbers were put over well, yet some enjoyment was necessarily subtracted because of too many choruses.

As a general comment the music was sacrificed to comedy in this production. If this was the main idea, then George Lipton as the Sheriff, and Frank Farrell as Guy of Gisbourne did very well at their buffoonery. But if comedy were meant to be the subordinate element, then these should have been subdued.

However, the atmosphere produced was adequate. With a little cutting of choruses and comedy, a superior revival would have resulted.

On October fifteen, Fritz Kreisler, beloved violinist, came to say goodbye to one corner of the world, Boston, where he has been known and loved. Dignified and majestic in



bearing, he seems to have been touched but lightly by age. His step is firm, his attitude calm, his music as thrilling and beautiful as ever. From floor to roof of Symphony Hall, not a sound was heard as he began his program with "Partita No. 1 in B Minor" of Bach, which is played without accompaniment. The audience sat in rapt attention. His next selection was "Concerto No. 3 in G Major" by Mozart, of which the Rondeau or Allegro movement was played with surpassing brilliance.

After the intermission a few lighter selections were offered. All four were swift moving compositions, which displayed to advantage Mr. Kreisler's agility of fingering, and power of sustaining the theme melody. "La Zambra" and "La Jota", two Spanish dances, by Arbos and De Falla respectively, were performed with little accompaniment. People often speak of Kreisler as the man who "makes the violin speak". And indeed, this is true. The cadences and nuances carry an unmistakable message each time.

As a last encore, he played "The Londonderry Air". How characteristic of this great man to choose this simple folk song as the last selection of his last concert in Boston. He played it with great emotion. It was sad and strong at once. When he finished and stood there, with the light shining on his white hair, and tracing his strong, rugged countenance, there was a long moment of silence. Then, grasping again reality, the audience rising from their seats cheered and shouted. And he seemed to smile, looking beyond them, thinking, I wonder, of what?

During the fall season, the First National Bank of Boston presented Arthur Fiedler and a portion of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a series of concerts at the Boston Opera House. Known by the title of "Sunday at 4:30", these con-

certs were excellent, and gave to the general public a "gratis" opportunity of hearing and seeing the Boston Symphony in an actual concert. Direct from the Opera House, these concerts were broadcasted over Stations WBZ, Boston, and WBZA, Springfield.

Boston has a truly great symphony, which brings it artistic renown. During the summer, rich and poor alike can benefit by it when they attend the open-air Esplanade Concerts. In the "Sunday at 4:30" concerts we have, perhaps, a winter sequel.

On Sunday, November twenty-sixth, the program was delightful. As at "Pops" the music ranged from classical to modern, but did not include any really popular numbers.

It was a trifle heavier than the conventional "Pops" program, since it included but one modern selection, "Salute to Our Fighting Forces", arranged by Bodge. This medley contains a clever integration of Coast Guard, Navy, and Army songs.

The program opened with Mozart's Overture to *The Impresario*, which was incidentally his shortest, but one of his most beautiful overtures. It is stirring, rousing, electric. Also included in this portion of the concert were the delightful *Emperor Waltzes*. These four waltzes, although they seem more or less combined, are each, separate and individual in theme and development. Mr. Fiedler is always impressive when directing a Strauss waltz. Hand on hip, he, too, sways and sweeps to the irresistible rhythm.

The "Farandole" from *Arlesienne*, that incidental music intended originally for the play of Daudet, "Arlesienne", was another interesting item.

“Ce matin, j’ai recontre le train  
De trois grands rois  
Qui allaient en voyage.”

These are the opening lines of a simple French Christmas Carol, sung to the tune of the “Farandole”. The selection itself is a dance, an impassioned wild tambourine dance. It commences in a calm, regular meter, but rises to a pitch of whirling fury. The counter-melody is simple at first, but grows in strength and complexity, until it seems that its flute-oboe theme struggles and fights against the dominant melody. This was a most difficult selection very well done.

But Strauss reigned supreme in this concert. The audience seemed completely carried away by the rhythmic overture to *Die Fledermaus*. Heads were swaying, fingers tapping. Could it be the effect of last year’s resurrection, *Rosalinda*, on the general public? Or was it pure love of the Strauss tempo? To tell the truth, this selection has been better rendered at “Pops”. Something of stirring turns and glides seemed missing. Several other selections followed, including “Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes”, and Gounod’s “Bacchanale” from *Philemon and Baucis*.

This concert was broadcasted for one-half hour on the regular network, and for a following half-hour, over Frequency Modulation.



## FEAR

*Barbara Jones, '45*

I stand alone. About me falls  
Night aloof as a lone patrol.  
Distorted shadows bulking large I see;  
Fear pursuing me with fierce control  
Like fighter plane its war-girt enemy.  
Footsteps slowly sound upon the way!  
Fear now caught and grasped, engulfed me!  
No escape from looming shadows.

I pray.

Fear lifts its clutch and leaves me.

## INCONGRUITY

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

The day will close like black and ivory fan,  
And night will fling her sabled-emerald cloak,  
And moon will drop her blue and ashen veil,  
And sea will lap the shore with silver tongues,  
And petals will enclasp their perfumed hands,  
And nightingale will spill his golden notes—  
But man will kill and kill, and lift his blood-drenched arms.

## EDITORIALS

### COALS OF FIRE?

Waving a banner of pseudo-patriotism, current propaganda is taking advantage of war-strained emotion to further its gospel of hate. Alert to the danger of newspapers, billboards, and circulars which proclaim "an eye for an eye" as a necessary condition of victory, Catholic thought is surging forward with its Gospel of love. The two forces come to grips in their attitude toward prisoners of war. Too many of our Catholic people are consciously or unconsciously deserting their religion's standards and allowing emotionalism to obscure charity.

As guests of a suburban parish, at a recent Sunday Mass, a group of young Italian prisoners of war provided the music. The effect upon the congregation was not uniform: souls stirred by an overpowering sense of kinship of man under God, a kinship transcending the exigencies of war, and ideally realized only in the Catholic Church, felt, within its very walls, the jarring coldness of modern philosophy, as not a few departing parishioners muttered, "They wouldn't do the same for our boys!"

Do we dare to pray for victory? Do we dare to beg for the protection of boys fighting or now imprisoned, and begrudge to fellow Catholics, enemy prisoners notwithstanding, the opportunity of using their native talents to praise God at the sacrifice of the Mass?

"They wouldn't do the same for our boys." Does this lessen our responsibility? Does this nullify the principles of charity for which we live and die? We should not pre-

tend to utilize in the interests of Christianity the very principle which has engendered its opposing forces; the seeds of destruction are inherent in the doctrine of retaliation.

But, some will object, there is here no question of retaliation; the protest is against over-indulgence. By what yardstick do we measure out charity? Let us take all precautions necessary for the protection of our government, but let us not confuse prudence with vindictiveness. Dictated by the traditions of a Christian nation, our present governmental policy toward war prisoners is praiseworthy. As a nation we cannot, we will not violate the code of humanity; as individuals we are not given to works of supererogation.

Let us, to whom the sufferings of war present the opportunity for so much more than the preservation of a material order, and upon whom the knowledge of ultimate Truth and Love imposes the obligation to lead, beware lest hate betray our vision.

M. H. Z., '45

#### HOLLYWOOD—A LEADER:

It is an encouraging sign as well as a paradox that in a period in which morality has been very nearly suspended by a large percentage of society, wholesome books are running apace with the objectionable best-sellers, and moving



pictures of elevated theme are receiving highest box-office ratings. It is important and gratifying to us that the best of these are Catholic.

For one thing, books and pictures like *The Song of Bernadette* and *Going My Way* are a welcome relief from depressing war stories. We have been so universally affected by militarization that there are few to whom such gruesome reminders are not horribly disturbing and extremely unpleasant.

Catholic themes have proved excellently adaptable for literature and drama. Our religion is dramatic in itself, and does not need to be artificially emotionalized. It is Divine yet human, profound yet simple, awe-inspiring yet approachable. It reaches beyond the credulity of the materialist, but no one dares or even desires to laugh or scorn.

We may give the popularity of Catholic stories a wider interpretation than that they are good entertainment. Their success is a strong indication that people are receptive to good when it is attractively presented. It is a convincing proof that our religion will be admired and appreciated wherever it is understood.

Familiarity often lessens our appreciation of our valuable heritage. We should be impressed by the response of outsiders who glimpse but a passing shadow of the sublimity of truth. Our faith is something for us to rejoice in and propagate, not suffer and hide like a hair shirt.

Along with our great gift we must carry its responsibilities. New Year's day is far enough behind us for our good resolutions to be well-buried in the dust. It is time for their resurrection. One of the most important ones is

that for Catholic Action. We are trained to be leaders in Catholic thought. To spread it, it is not necessary or desirable that we proselytize. We cannot force others to our thinking; the faith is a free gift of God that cannot be thrust upon the unwilling.

The Catholic religion is reasonable and satisfying. We should want it known and honored, its benefits shared. Hollywood is not afraid to promote it; why are we?

M. J. O'K., '45

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

---

## *A New Leaf:*

With mid-years behind us and comprehensiveness ahead of us, we start on another page of the scholastic book. The Christmas haul proved pretty profitable and the new year holds nothing but opportunities shining white and bright. To the Seniors it means four and a half months more until we clasp a sheepskin to our eager bosoms. To the Juniors it means four and a half months until caps and gowns. To the Sophomores it means four and a half months more until they become upperclassmen. To the Freshmen it means four and a half months more until they can adopt an air of having been here for years, for the benefit of a new Freshman class. Do you suppose that *somewhere* in the school there is someone who hasn't a motive for the coming June? Hmmm, must be a little lady who has her dues paid.

\* \* \*

## *A Propos No Men:*

Nothing to do! Poor lonely Sue! She's seen all the shows—she's danced off her hose. She's ironed her hankie—she's listened to Frankie. She's heard all the news—she's walked off her shoes. She's been to the blood bank—she's emptied the gas tank. Because of no fellas she's read the best sellers. She's written to Johnnie—she's gossiped with Connie. Poor lonely Sue—nothing to do!!



### *Fashion Note:*

We always like to insert a jibe or two at the fashion designers who rule with iron hand the world of women's clothes. They are easy to hoot at because they are so impersonal. I'm quite sure we should bow and scrape as fatuously as the next person if Hattie Carnegie, Schiaparelli or any of their esteemed cohorts were to appear, but since that likelihood is so far removed as to be well nigh impossible, we dip our pen in the vitriol bottle on the right of the desk, mix it with the venom in the jar on the left and thoroughly combine the two with a touch of spleen from the box in the drawer. The latest fad from Fashion Land is "little boy" clothes. (Three seconds silence while we extend sympathy to the passing of the brain of the happy designer who spawned *that* thought.) Boy hats, boy coats, boy blouses, boy shoes are being advocated from San Luis Obispo to Charlottetown. The "little boy" motif is in vogue and anyone who doubts it doesn't window shop as conscientiously as we. All candidates for entrance into the League for the Preservation of Feminine Lines in Feminine Wearing Apparel please step forward. We shall hold our first meeting today. This masculine trend must be driven into the ground! Forward sister Preservers!

\* \* \*

### *Nostalgia:*

It isn't the correct season of the year to be consumed with a melancholy, but have you ever stopped to think of the ghosts there are in this building? Have you ever found yourself walking down a corridor and wondering how many hundreds of others have walked it before you? Have you ever found yourself wondering at the timelessness of assembly and think that it might also be the year 1924 as well as 1944? Have you ever taken a book from the library shelves and unconsciously wondered how many former students read that book? We (youth, that is) have a selfish habit of living solely in our own time and never giving a backward glance to see how succeeding classes may have fared. Not that we recommend the organization of a "Backward, Turn Backward Oh Time in Thy Flight" Society. But wouldn't it be a rather gracious gesture occasionally to remember the pioneers and those who succeeded them in Emmanuel? Ideal location recommended for same: chapel.

### *Wanted:*

Sure fire cure for dispelling the doldrums, restoring your faith in humanity and causing the milk of human kindness to run freely again in your veins is to consult any day's classified newspaper advertisements. The paradoxical wording is enough to supply a minstrel show with material. One real estate agent is offering a house on "a finished, accepted street". (With homes so hard to find who is going to wrangle over social status?) Another house is being offered "in the country but with city advantages". (If you like the city why not stay there, and if you are the country type why seek urban advantages? This unsettled age!) One advertisement proved too much. It must have been worded by a pulp magazine writer: "Replica of old England . . . *enchantingly* wainscotted living room, library with casement windows. *Charmingly* situated." (Now all you have to do is take three years out of your life to stand in line waiting to see it.) A Farm and Trade School is looking for a dining room supervisor and a cook "for boys of excellent character". (Does that make their appetites any different from those of the unwashed horde?) Notice of a private furniture sale enumerates the contents of nine rooms of furniture and concludes with "Red fox jacket, skunk jacket, 1 silver fox scarf". (New type of chair covers)

\* \* \*

### *Domestic Asides:*

"All husbands are alike, but they have different faces so you can tell them apart." Now *that* is a rare observation! Did it ever occur to you to determine a husband by his face? The most unfailing indication of his marital state is usually the third finger, left hand method—but since this journal for women's rights maintains there is another way, we won't give argument. *Except*—have you ever seen the hordes of husbands, who, on rainy days congregate on the eight-ten local smoker, enroute to keeping the wolf from the door and supplying the family with their daily bread and oleomargarine. In their Hart, Schaeffner and Marx (or imitations thereof) cravanets, with the collars hauled up around their ears, and their Stetsons jammed down over their eyes, and a huge funereal black umbrella that completely obscures them from their assembly line, college crew cut, upward—it is a detective job demanding the most acute

skillfulness to determine which of these indistinguishable creatures is your loving spouse.

\* \* \*

*On the Scientific Side:*

Scientists have discovered a way to make water wetter! For what purpose they intend to use this wetter water is purely a professional secret. For some sophisticated souls water in its present state has the right degree of wetness for mixing purposes. They seldom have recourse to water for drinking for its own sake alone. Johnny objects to the bath ritual vigorously enough as it is now. Wetter water would necessitate the installation of a strait jacket in every home come Saturday night. Susie holds her hands high in horror when contemplating soapy suds for the dishes. Cosmeticians have created substitutes to cleanse the complexions of Miss and Mrs. America. With wetter water maybe even the men would no longer wash their faces. Surely the fish are satisfied with their present home. Our favorite pussy has an unparalleled loathing for things wet—he'd have a stroke if we made his water wetter. For whom then, for what, or for why has science created this wetter water? To hear what the wild waves are saying?



## CURRENT BOOKS

*The World of Washington Irving.* By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1944. 378 pages.

Van Wyck Brooks intends *The World of Washington Irving* to be the first volume of a series on the literary history of the United States preceding *The Flowering of New England*.

Against a social panorama of the United States from 1800 to 1840 Mr. Brooks presents the American literary tradition in its inchoate state. In spite of the physical independence gained by the Revolution, American thought was still subservient to English thought. If America was to progress as a nation an American standard of judgment was a requisite. This transition of thought was fostered by the contemporary painters, the naturalists, and, especially, the writers. The most important literary men were Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, and Edgar Allan Poe. Each author helped to awaken the American mind to its potentialities. Apparent in their writings are the enterprise of the North, the sectionalism of the South, and the pioneer spirit of the West. Irving presents the charming legends of the district along the Hudson; Cooper the tales of the sea and the Indians of the North border; Bryant American landscape in poetry; and Poe the analysis of the psychological and mysterious. Irving was the literary avatar of this era because of his style, charm, and imagination. His genius was unhampered by the feudalistic disposition of Cooper, the provincialism of Bryant, and the morbidity of Poe. There were many lesser contemporary writers, as John P. Kennedy and Nathaniel P. Willis, whose fame and influence were ephemeral.

The painstaking annotation and the wealth of material testify to the careful preparation of Mr. Brooks. He presents a complete, definitive, and comprehensive picture of the influences, both foreign and domestic, that shaped American literature in its beginnings. His delineation is almost too profuse in its plethora of detail. Mr. Brooks evaluates impartially the contribution to literature of these early writers. His analyses are valuable in that they are not tainted by any preconceived

notions or prejudices. His style is flowing and, though commodious, not at all fatiguing.

Mr. Brooks has succeeded in making literary history not only palatable but inspirational. If his contemplated next book on the period of Walt Whitman and Herman Melville retains the high calibre of *The World of Washington Irving*, the reading public has a treat in store.

Natalie G. Murphy, '45

*This Is Kate.* By Margaret Hard. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1944. 213 pages.

If you like stories about young children written by someone who really understands them and their appealing ways, then you will thoroughly enjoy this book. Kate Champion, with the bright hair that is never smooth, is the youngest child ever to be taken into Le Couvent du Sacré Couer. She is also the only one there who is not a Catholic. Although not actually a member of the Church, Kate is Catholic in her attitude towards the people whom she meets.

Margaret Hard deftly describes this trait in her little heroine without destroying her childlikeness. Kate is no angel; neither is she so annoying that you flick through the book to see when she receives her "come-uppance". However, in the author's presentation Kate's speech seems a little mature for a child of ten. The describing of the workings of the little girl's mind is psychologically and sympathetically accurate.

The story itself is very simple. Kate is only eight when she is brought to the convent. Her father had died quite suddenly, and her mother found it a necessity to become a travelling companion to a very good friend. Through the aid of this friend, Kate is accepted into the convent until such time as her mother has the means to take care of her little daughter. In the meantime, Kate is to remain in Canada while her mother travels across the world.

Many amusing and poignant things happen to Kate while she is in Le Couvent du Sacré Coeur. Margaret Hard's very definite gift is that she can make the simple little things that happen to Kate seem so real. She also has marked ability in characterization. It will be a long time before you forget the gentle and tender Pierre of the Bon Voyage, the tragically lovely Sister Angelica, the austerity of Reverend Mother which

in reality covers so much warmth and love, the exuberant Cousin Ben who seems a Fairy Godfather in disguise, the romance of Jeanne and Paul which is nearly ruined by a pair of flashing black eyes. These are only a few of the people with whom Kate comes in contact. On all of them she makes some impression simply by her warmly gay and unselfish ways.

This book is very different from most of the books that are on sale today. In these few words it is difficult to catch the atmosphere that is so thoroughly French Canadian and Catholic. The book does emphasize the fact that this world is rather a pleasant place to live in.

Barbara M. Fahey, '45

*Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers.* By Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1944. 207 pages.

After an absence of five years from the field of literary endeavor, Margaret Halsey has reappeared, pen in hand, to ease the tension of war nerves, to revitalize our sluggish spirits with her polished persiflage in *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers*. If you were one of the numerous readers who chuckled their way through her first book, *With Malice Toward Some*, you will recall her keen sense of humor, her pointed satire, her penetrating discernment, and her truthful portrayal of society in general.

Here, with a rocketing style, she touches lightly on a variety of sparkling pleasantries before attacking the main theme. Choosing the heavy problem of race prejudice, she works it into a fairly entertaining plot. The story unfolds itself by the newsy letters of a canteen hostess, Gretchen, to her soldier-brother, Jeff. Gretchen takes up the cudgels in defense of a Jewess, Mae Rabinowitz, whose misfortune it was to have incurred the wrath of Mrs. Alicia Sadler, one of the benefactors of the canteen. The hostesses call a meeting to decide what is to be done about Mrs. Sadler, and, at the same time, to sound out the sentiments of the hostesses in regard to the present difficulty. As the discussion grows more and more heated, it is evident that group sympathy is with Mae. A few favor the action of Mrs. Sadler. One of these latter, leaping to her feet, declares that Mrs. Sadler is a *great* woman, one of the founders of the canteen, and "we can't hurt her feelings."



"Maybe not," retorts the dauntless Gretchen, "but we can try." From this scene on, the battle of words rages to a melodramatic pitch, and falls to boggled compromise.

There is no attempt at subtlety in Margaret Halsey's propagandizing program for race tolerance. She emphasizes the fact openly that such problems as those concerning the Jew and the Negro have been too long ignored. In another type of novel, such a theme could be sustained throughout. It obviously falls down in this particular novel, strung on the tenuous thread of familiar letters.

Margaret Halsey's store of wit seems exhaustless. She wields it as effectively as a lash, or applies it as soothingly as a balm. No situation is too dramatic, no character too stiff-backed to escape the lightning-like humor which flashes, effortlessly, through this novel. I think we are more entertained by *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers* than affected to action by the theme.

Kathleen M. Murphy, '45

*Pastoral*. By Nevil Shute. New York: Morrow & Co., 1944. 246 pages.

Are you tired of war novels? Are you weary of journalistic "blood and thunder" sporting the mask of the modern novel? Deep as the war novel sometimes strikes, it often fails to encompass the whole of war; that is, it may contain bloody battles and the thoughts of men before and after these battles, but it does not state what makes these men "tick". This is the field of the novelist.

Nevil Shute in *Pastoral* tells us exactly what does make a flyer "tick", as they say, what makes him survive the nerve-cracking tension of night missions over Italy. In the full sense of the word he has written a pastoral novel. He has described the scenery and life of the English countryside—the English countryside at war. The bomber roaring through the nervous night is not his theme; but rather, the bomber by day, resting at Hartley aerdrome, and her crew fishing in quiet streams. As in *Pied Piper* we are spared the graphic horrors of war, but through a psychological approach, we come to know how a flyer thinks and lives, and how he escapes reality.

With the crew of "R" for Robert, the escape was fishing. They all loved it. It was a relaxation, a period of repose, and often of jocularly. Peter Marshall, the pilot, at the beginning of the story catches a pike, an enormous one, and it is through his proud display of this trophy in the officers' dining room that he meets WAAF officer, Gervase Robertson. Her tact and admiration of the prize fish, which incidentally is ignored by most of Marshall's fellow officers who seem too busy, commenced their friendship.

How the impending disaster of this romance upsets and confuses Peter Marshall, how the unanimity of thought and action in his once-intimate crew is lost and regained, and how love and infatuation are at once distinguished and synchronized, constitute the plot.

We come to understand how men can drop death on other men in the blackness of the night. We realize how men become accustomed to inflict death and resign themselves if it comes to them as they work within their walls of silvered-steel. And we learn above all what detachment is. War is a job. It is a job, more serious, more dangerous, most costly to the individual than any other job. But even as the British factory worker departs on holiday from the shells and bullets to the quietude of Hampshire streams, so did Peter and Gunnar Franck relish their fishing days. And anyone who has fished will understand the physical and psychological relaxation it brings; its ensuing calmness of soul.

More than this, *Pastoral* presents love, with all its sweetness, and all its uncertainty. Gervase and Peter love purely, deeply, and sincerely.

Mr. Shute presents one flying scene which is magnificent. His manner of sustaining this atmosphere of proximate combat is excellent, since at no time does it occupy the center of the stage, but is used artistically as a backdrop.

All this, placed against the greenness of English meadows constitutes *Pastoral*. Not another *Compleat Angler*, nor *Boy Meets Girl*, *Pastoral* sings a simple melody, but sings from the heart.

Joan D. Clarke, '45

*The Steep Ascent.* By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1944. 120 pages.

In what may be best described as a novelized version of "High Flight", although the author herself calls it "a fictional account of an actual incident", Mrs. Lindbergh has exposed the mystery and enchantment of flight. But the exposure does not lessen the magic of its appeal, for after reading the book the urge to "slip the surly bonds of earth" still exists.

There is practically no plot. What story there is concerns the efforts of Gerald and Eve to pursue their course of flight from England to Egypt, at times against tremendous odds. Over the Alps they meet what to aviators is their worst enemy, fog. It is in this portion of the book that the author penetrates most deeply into the psychology of the human mind under stress. There are times when the sensations experienced by Eve are almost painful in their intimacy. Here, as in most flirtations with death, the experience leaves the chief participants with a deeper appreciation of the gift of life.

The practically perfect characterization, the skillful relation of detail upon detail which mounts up until the pressure is almost unbearable, the psychological insight all go toward making this a highly artistic piece of writing. The descriptive passages which run on for pages, achieve a remarkable poetic beauty. In fact, there is a subtle lyrical quality in the entire book. There is only one flaw, if flaw it be, a seeming weak premise. How could a pregnant woman undertake a fairly hazardous adventure? But if all premises are to undergo an extremely close examination or dissection, not many would survive. Besides, Eve was not an ordinary woman.

*The Steep Ascent* was written for all who thrill to the beauty, to the adventure, to the freedom of the land beyond the clouds. But those who cannot hear the haunting call of the sky had better pass it by.

Corinne V. Comerford, '45

*And From That Day.* By Alan Sullivan. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1944. 195 pages.

*And From That Day* provided an escape for Alan Sullivan from the cares of his scientifically-dedicated life. It likewise diverts the atten-



tion of the reader. It serves as a temporary retreat from a world groveling in the throes of a torturous, mechanistic war, to a time of enforced peace, and to history's greatest event.

Alan Sullivan gives a realistic picture of Jerusalem in the last phases of Christ's life. Jerusalem was seething with the stealthy whisperings of Jews, writhing under Rome's self-imposed rule. The Sanhedrin and the High Priests, religiously, selfishly ambitious, clung tenaciously to this strangle-hold in Jewry. Heretofore the dominance of Rome had been their only obstacle, but now a new menace had arisen. The last vestige of their power was threatened in the person of Christ, the long-awaited Redeemer. His rivalry with Judaism resulted in the meeting of the sly, covetous Annas, the insignificant Herod, the impulsive Pilate. Annas is victor, and Christ is condemned.

Against this background, Alan Sullivan gives us a fictionalized study of Pontius Pilate. He is vividly, realistically depicted. We see him in various moods, in moments of utter cruelty, of greed, of condescension to the rabble, and finally in those rare moments of kindness—Pontius Pilate with his wife. The characterizations of Annas, Procula, and Herod are likewise fine.

*And From That Day* gives an impelling picture of one phase of life at the time of Christ. Christ, as intended by the author, remains ever in the background. His presence is revealed indirectly, through the great influence he exerted on some of the characters. Mr. Sullivan's style is vivid and direct. As is often true of fictionalized studies, it is sometimes inaccurate in detail. On the whole it is not a soul-stirring book.

*Sheila T. Daley, '45*

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# THE CHALLENGE OF GRAHAM GREENE

Corinne V. Comerford, '45

GRAHAM GREENE is not a pleasant writer. His many so-named "entertainments" are not entertaining. He does not write for the prudes, nor the escapists, nor the romanticists. He does not dwell on romantic love. In fact, the love element is scarcely plausible. His characters lack charm; his themes lack glamour. The pictures he paints are not beautiful; the scenes he describes are not inviting. He does not gloss, polish, malign, distort, nor sentimentalize. He does not waste the reader's time in vague philosophizing. He does not annoy him with an obscure technique; nor delay him with needless pages of trash. Since his works are the exact opposite in content to those of most "best selling" novels, why is it that Graham Greene ranks high in popularity among readers, and much higher among novelists and critics? The answer is—despite himself.

He attracts by a superior type of detective or adventure story. He excites the reader and holds his interest by reason of his suspense technique and excellent craftsmanship. But the majority of his reading public is unaware that in his books there is a second and far more important theme, which, because of its subtle treatment, escapes all minds but the most penetrating. Graham Greene is considered by many to have written some of the best thrillers of this generation. Few perceive him as a Catholic philosopher who relentlessly rides the ocean of the mercy of Christ.

Graham Greene's books began to attract attention in the early years of the last decade. *It's a Battlefield* (1934) was

his first major production. Since then, he has written many novels, the more prominent among which are: *This Gun for Hire*, *Brighton Rock*, *The Confidential Agent*, *The Labyrinthine Ways*, and *The Ministry of Fear*, his last novel, written in 1943. (He is now engaged in war work for the British Government.) He has two unusual travel books to his credit, *Journey without Maps*, an account of conditions in Africa; and *Another Mexico*, describing the present position of the Catholic Church in Mexico. It was while he was journeying through Mexico that he received much of his inspiration and material for *The Labyrinthine Ways*. This book is regarded his best work by many critics.

*It's a Battlefield* is important inasmuch as it gives an adequate idea of Graham Greene's technique and curious plot development. Suspense, mood, atmosphere, coincidence, rapid movement are the ingredients Graham Greene mixes to form the substance of his novels. This book is loosely connected, however, and in comparison with *This Gun for Hire* is, I think, decidedly inferior. The story of Raven, the professional killer, is quite well known because it was made into a movie a few years back. While the film followed the novel as far as plot is concerned, it did not move the spectator as the book did the reader. Alan Ladd with his good features, personable manner, dashing around in a trench coat, his collar up and hat pulled down, was not the skinny, repulsive, hare-lipped Raven who knew that because of his ugly body and perverted mind no woman, nor man would ever love him. So he resolved if no one would love him, everyone would fear him. The film was exciting; the book was compassionate. There, but for the grace of God, go I, was its important and understanding theme. This theme the movie hardly touched.



*Brighton Rock* should be placed in the same category as *This Gun for Hire*, for it, too, deals with crime. The criminal here, however, is a boy of seventeen who heads a gang of fourth-rate terrorizers. The scene of action is Brighton, a summer resort in England. The boy, Pinky, despite his youth seems to put on the qualities of a shrivelled, old man, wise in sin. The intensity of his cruelty and viciousness seems, too, to belong to an age-old criminal, not to a fledgling. In the last pages of this pitiful and depressing story, an old priest in explaining a seeming paradox unveils the motive Graham Greene had in writing the work. Since a Catholic is more aware of the devil than a person of any other sect, when he tampers with evil, he becomes the most deadly and insidious of human beings. The priest wipes away some of the gloomy mist, however, by adding that the mercy of God is so incomprehensible to man, its ways so unfathomable and strange that there is even hope for the sheep who stray farthest afield and get trapped in the treacherous rock crevices. For is it not the marvellous characteristic of the Good Shepherd to take care of his silly sheep? The doctrine of vicarious prayer-offering is here skilfully and truthfully set down. In fact, we can glimpse the Communion of Saints in operation.

Both *The Confidential Agent* and *The Ministry of Fear* may be classed together as both deal with espionage. *The Confidential Agent* tells of a Spanish Loyalist who comes to England to arrange for a coal contract. He was thwarted and hounded at every turn by enemy agents; unexplainable accidents and attempted killings sprinkled his path. By the time he has performed his mission the reader is as sympathetically exhausted as he is. *The Ministry of Fear*, I think, is superior to *The Confidential Agent*. In it the hero is more



appealing; the narrative is more plausibly manipulated. This novel concerns the work of Nazi agents in Britain, their careful planning and scheming, their unscrupulous and deadly methods. There is in the book a nightmarish quality that is as intensely intriguing as it is subtly terrorizing. In general, the plot of the motion picture derived from it follows closely the novel, although the real underlying theme is not pictured. Arthur Rowe has been acquitted of the murder of his wife on a plea of mercy killing. The spirit of his dead wife seems to haunt him. The novel emphasizes the scourge by which evil chastizes the evil-doer, for no man is the absolute arbiter of life and death. Thou shalt not kill—upon the effects of the disregard of that moral law, the novel unwinds its awful tale. In the movie, it seems he did not really kill his wife. There was no Nemesis; therefore, no starkly tragic development.

*The Labyrinthine Ways* stands alone. It is the consummation of what Graham Greene has tried to do. Many qualified judges regard it as one of the few superior novels of this generation. The character of the unnamed priest who succumbs to the sins of the flesh, yet dies for his religion, is unforgettable. His thwarted desire to confess, his wavering despair, suddenly encouraged to hope, as with heart-breaking, palpable fear he goes to meet the firing squad make a soul-searing and memory-haunted picture. His last sorrowful-sinner gesture impresses itself upon the mind of the young lieutenant, the agent of his long pursuit, ultimate capture, and execution. He is converted, and the story ends with the coming of another priest into the God-enemy region to carry on for Christ. The turbulence of Mexico under religious persecution by the Communists is emphasized and analogized by the tumult in the soul of the priest. This

novel is not easy to read; neither is a good life an easy life to live. Although evil will have its hour, God will have His day—such is the thesis of *The Labyrinthine Ways*.

Graham Greene's non-fiction is written in the same masculine, nervous, terse, and realistic manner as his fiction. *Another Mexico* and *Journey without Maps* are no enchanting Cook's tours. Indeed, so intent is Graham Greene on portraying life exactly as he sees it, that there is no veil drawn over some of its sordid details. Since Graham Greene's aim is to expose evil without veils in order to show the Mercy of God, as it were, unveiled, then his starkly sinful presentations are no impediment to an appreciation of his works. As Newman has so pertinently said, you cannot eliminate sin from literature, since, alas, you cannot eliminate sin from life.

It is an unusual thing that such an expert craftsman though a superficial novelist, as W. Somerset Maugham, should compliment Graham Greene. Yet, he who often seems to make evil so attractive and presents it for its own sake, admires Graham Greene whose moral standard is unquestioned. Perhaps Somerset Maugham is conscious only of his technique. In order fully to appreciate and understand Graham Greene's contributions to literature, one must first acknowledge the existence of the moral order, and realize the power of evil abroad in the land today.

Jesus said: "Go thou and sin no more." This command is Graham Greene's basic theme.

# SHRINE AT EVENING

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Tell me, oh lovely Queen,  
I want to know.

Mary, Mary, are you pleased  
With this crimson rose?  
Tell me, oh sweetest one,  
While light still glows.

Mary, Mary, would you want  
Me to bring a weed?  
Tell me, oh purest Queen,  
Your urgent need.

*Did I really hear you say  
You'd like a cocklebur today?  
So lone and wild it grows,  
So ignored by crimson rose?*

Mary, Mary, here it is;  
I found it by a way  
Where roses tread, but cannot see  
The cockles gone astray.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Oh blessed Queen, oh humble Maid,  
I think I know!



# LOGICAL CONCLUSION

*Marjorie M. Dickneite, '46*

As BRADFORD LINCOLN opened the door to number twenty Bedford Street, he wrinkled his nose at the overwhelming odor of cabbage. He could tell the days of the weeks from these odors. Today was Tuesday, cabbage day, at Mrs. MacDonald's boarding house.

He sighed as he placed his overcoat on the hall rack, then glanced in the chipped mirror that hung on the nightmarish wall paper. He needed a shave. Do it after dinner, he made a mental note. He grinned at his reflection. He certainly looked the part of a down-and-outer he wished to portray: suit shabby, neat but frayed shirt, well-scuffed shoes. But this masquerade would not have to last much longer; he was almost finished with the "atmosphere" provided him by the boarders. They were perfectly natural with him for they thought he was a struggler like themselves. The moment that they found out he was studying them for character portrayals, they'd freeze up like refrigerators. He couldn't afford that, not with the book nearing completion.

He entered the dining room to a medley of greetings. Mrs. MacDonald had just plopped a huge steaming bowl of limp, anemic cabbage on the table, and they were all glad of the opportunity to ignore it for a brief moment.

"Hi, Kid! How's tricks?" rapped out Eddie, late taxi-driver.

"Oh, good evening, Lincoln," twittered Mrs. Millie Kettle, the old maid who had offered him money to tide him over his difficulties. "I hope you're not all tired out?"

Pop, the one-time actor, now handy man at the Shubert, gave him a dignified, detached nod of welcome. Everyone liked Brad because of his failing endeavor to get a job. They liked, too, his youth and his good looks. Even the sour Mrs. MacDonald was accustomed to cluck at him when he declined a second helping of her odorous but mysterious concoctions.

Brad took his customary seat beside the deaf but talkative Mrs. Whipple, and proceeded to shout an account of his day into her ear. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Brad was away all day, presumably looking for work. He was just embroidering the tale of his hopeless search, when he noticed that a comparative silence had fallen on the group. Looking up questioningly, he saw a modern type young lady standing in the doorway. She took her place opposite him. The bowl of cabbage was an inadequate screen between them.

"I want you to meet Miss Banner," said Mrs. MacDonald, literally rising to the situation, and fortifying everyone with wiggly helpings of tapioca pudding.

"I hope you'll enjoy it here, Miss Banner," giggled Millie Kettle.

"Thank you. It's very . . . homelike," murmured Miss Banner in a desperate search for an adjective.

That all depends on the kind of a home you came from, Brad thought. Wonder what she's doing here. Certainly doesn't seem the boarding house type. I wish I had a bean-blower. I'd blow out the light. Then I could get out of here without attracting the attention of Miss Grey-Eyes. But he didn't have to waste time longing for an opportunity, for Miss Banner soon excused herself and left the table. Once in the hall, she hurried to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello. Mr. Draker? Mr. Draker, this is Melanie Banner. I arrived today, and wanted to let you know I'd be reporting for work tomorrow. Will nine o'clock be all right? Thank you. Good-bye."

Melanie replaced the receiver and went upstairs to her room. She was so enthusiastic about the fine opportunity her new job was to give her. She would be working directly under Mr. Draker, one of the more important publishers, reading manuscripts for him, recommending or rejecting as her critical faculties judged. She lay across the bed thinking. She was so tired. This boarding house wasn't exactly the place she had planned to live. "Filled up." "No room." "Sorry." That was all she heard during the days of search. Mrs. MacDonald's seemed a haven. She dozed off. Awakening later, she felt as cramped as if she had been stowed into a trunk. She undressed sleepily and crawled into bed. At seven-thirty next morning, she was awakened by a raucous sound every moment growing in volume. Surely that was a fire alarm or burglar alarm that was clanging. Putting on a robe, she rushed out into the hall. No one was about. Supposing that they were all gone out, she started to get out, too. Just then a very surprised Brad came down the hall.

"Oh, Mr. . . . Mr. . . . ?"

"Lincoln," Brad supplied.

"Mr. Lincoln, we'd better hurry; I heard the fire alarm, and I think everyone has gone but us."

Brad leaned against the wall and laughed aloud.

"Well, really!" Melanie glared.

"You see . . . You see," Brad stammered, "it's so funny."

"What's so funny?"



"That's Mrs. MacDonald's cheery combined alarm clock and breakfast bell."

Melanie looked at him unbelievably. Then she, too, burst into laughter.

"In that case, I'd better hurry," she decided. "That bell sounds as though it meant to be obeyed."

Hastening back to her room, Melanie dressed quickly. She appeared at the breakfast table in a cherry colored suit. Pop's theatrical eye appraised her with satisfaction. Millie Kettle gave an extra pat to her transformation. Brad just looked.

"Good morning," Melanie said as she sat down. Her eyes met Brad's and they both laughed.

Millie Kettle's eyebrows went up questioningly. Eddie looked, then shrugged.

After breakfast, Brad wandered into the parlor. Here he openly studied the "want ads", hoping that Miss Banner would come into the room. After the brief comedy they'd shared, he wanted to continue on friendly terms. But she didn't come in. Looking from the window, he saw her go down the front steps. He tossed the paper aside and went up to his room. Sitting before the typewriter, he seemed suddenly dissatisfied with his work. Ripping the sheet from his roller, inserting a new one, he began typing feverishly. A knock sounded on the door.

"Yes?" he called, impatient at the interruption.

"Dinner's ready, Mr. Lincoln. I can't be waitin' for you all day," Mrs. MacDonald called out breathlessly.

"I won't be having lunch, Mrs. MacDonald."

"You sick?"

"What? Oh, no, no, just busy."

He got up and opened the door. She'd really been decent to him, and he hadn't meant to seem hasty.

"Thank you just the same. 'I'm . . . I'm busy answering some 'want ads'."

"Want I should send you up a little something?"

"Don't bother, Mrs. MacDonald, you've been very kind. You shouldn't be climbing those stairs needlessly. Now, be a good girl, and slide down the bannister. I'm not hungry."

"Go along with you," she grumbled. But his joking manner pleased her.

That evening he didn't feel up to facing Melanie Banner in his shabby clothes. Someday, soon, he'd have the book finished, and be able to resume his true life. Then, he'd feel free to become better acquainted with her. Until then, he'd have to refrain, lest she should think him some cheap tramp. Besides, how could he ask her out, when he supposedly had no income. He sighed. A writer's life was not all roses.

He went downstairs. As he took his overcoat from the hall rack, he saw that her black coat was not there. Where was she? He smelled the turnips cooking . . . Wednesday vegetable, he grimaced. He let himself out into the chilly air. Walking swiftly, he came to the tiny restaurant which he sometimes frequented. He sat down, and suddenly found that he had lost his appetite for food.

"Just coffee, Andy," he said to the waiter.

Dawdling over the inky black liquid, Brad smoked furiously, his brow furrowed in thought. Where did she work? What was she doing at a cheap boarding house? Reaching no conclusion, he threw some change on the table and went out. As he came to the corner of the street where Mrs. MacDonald's boarding house was located, he saw a car drive up and stop before number twenty. A man got out, came around the car to open the door. Brad stopped. That was

Melanie getting out. He could hear her laughing as she said good-night to her escort.

Brad stood in the shadows. He felt a mounting anger. Turning, he walked swiftly in the opposite direction. He had no right to be such a first class fool, he told himself, then went on being one. He was not conscious where nor how long he had walked, but when he returned to his room he lacked any desire to sleep. Instead he sat down at the typewriter and began to write. By morning, his eyes were red and swollen, but desire to finish that book was still strong. At breakfast, he looked across at Melanie. She gazed at him with a faint look of surprise.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," he replied tersely.

When he had swallowed the boiling coffee, he returned to his typewriting. Although he was not satisfied with the last chapters, yet he would let it go. By noon, he had the manuscript wrapped and addressed. After mailing it, he came home, went to bed. He planned to dress to the manner born that evening, and find out a few things.

When he awoke his room was in darkness. Fumbling, he found the light switch. By its glare, his watch marked nine o'clock. He'd missed dinner; most important, he'd missed seeing Melanie. He dressed hurriedly and went downstairs. Oblivious of the questioning stares of the boarders, he asked flatly, "Is Miss Banner here?"

"I'm not well enough acquainted with the lady to know her whereabouts," Miss Kettle announced pointedly.

"Car came for her about eight," Eddie rasped. "Some guy or other."

Disappointed in his prearranged plans, Brad went to the telephone.



"Hello, Tony? Brad Lincoln. Listen, could you bring my car over here right away? I'm coming back into the old life."

He replaced the receiver, and sat down in the hall to wait. He picked up a newspaper; put it down; toyed with an umbrella in the rack; looked at his wrist watch. When the car drove up to the curb, Brad was out of the house before it stopped.

"Glad you could make it, Tony. I would have called earlier, but I overslept."

"Think nothin' of it, Brad. That garage is open all night. I was glad to get away for a while."

"Hop in, Tony, I'll drive you back."

As they drove away, Brad could visualize the faces behind the lace curtain, and could actually hear the buzz of speculative conversation. He drove on to see some friends, but was glad that they were not at home. He didn't feel like talking. Gradually his chagrin subsided to a morbid humor. Boy, he thought, I'm the prize of the week.

Melanie was already in when Brad returned. He toyed with the idea of knocking on her door and saying: Listen here, Miss Banner, I was only playing a part. I'm Brad Lincoln, writer; now the book is done. I'd like to know you better.

In her office the next morning, Melanie picked up a neatly arranged manuscript. *A Pile of People* by G. Allerton, she read. G. Allerton! He's one of the best character writers of the decade. As she began reading, Melanie felt something familiar about the descriptions. She seemed to have met each character. When she got to the end, she sat up abruptly. Now she knew . . . the boarding house! Her eyes went

swiftly over the last few pages. Why this was a description of herself! Melanie went into Mr. Draker's office.

"This manuscript, Mr. Draker . . ."

"Let me see it." He reached for it. "Yes, I thought so. G. Allerton. Great writer! Great boy! Pen name for Brad Lincoln, you know.

"Oh," Melanie said weakly.

"Just leave it here. We take everything he writes. We are fortunate to be able to publish his stuff. He knows more about people than Gallup. Gets right in with them."

Melanie went back to her office and sat dazed before her desk. Then she suddenly laughed, drew a sheet of paper before her and wrote.

Friday's mail brought the letter Brad was awaiting. He tore it open impatiently and read:

DEAR MR. LINCOLN:

I've read your manuscript through very carefully. The character portrayals are your usual excellence, but in your last chapters you introduce a girl and begin a love story which you do not seem to conclude satisfactorily. If you could arrange to be at my office on Saturday morning at ten o'clock, we could discuss a more effective end.

Sincerely,

DRAKER PUBLISHING COMPANY  
M. B.

Brad crumpled the letter and threw it to the floor. Unsatisfactory ending! Didn't he know it! Sure, he'd go Saturday morning, and he'd discard the whole episode about the girl.

Friday's dinner was wafted to him from the essence of frying fish. Brad sat glumly across from Melanie. Why was she looking so smugly amused. Well if she thought he was going to wait around every night to ask her out, she

was mistaken. But he realistically reminded himself that perhaps she didn't want him to ask her. The other boarders were making broad remarks in Brad's direction, wondering about this change from tramp to fashion-plate. Finally, Millie Kettle boiled over.

"What's happened to you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I held up a bank," he grunted.

Millie affronted, fingered her neck ruffle, and settled to a hurt silence.

Saturday morning Brad strode into the office of the Draker Publishing Company. He went directly past the receptionist to a door marked "Private." He knocked. A feminine voice called, "Come in." Brad wondered what had happened to Jack Tolland who used to occupy this office.

He opened the door. The girl was directly in front of him, but her back was turned.

"Good morning. I'm Brad Lincoln," he began.

"I know. I'm Melanie Banner."

"Melanie!"

"I wrote the letter, Brad. You see, I thought if this author was any kind of a man at all, and felt the way he did about that girl, he could think of a much better conclusion."



# THE KEY

*Florence L. Logue, '46*

I locked my feelings in a vault  
Then flung away the key,  
To prove that life would mean success  
For one unfettered, free!

I forged ahead; I reached the top,  
Unmindful of the rest,  
Whose hopes and dreams were crushed beneath  
My harsh, relentless zest.

I made myself impervious  
To life, to love, to all;  
And then, one day, your magic touch  
Made my defences fall.

I could not understand this love  
Which brought no fame to me,  
Until I glimpsed in your clenched hand  
A battered, tarnished key!

## THE SAVAGES

*Mary F. Kelley, '45*

The sky hung peaceful and serene  
Above the water-deckled sands,  
Which knew no human steps except  
Of natives tribes, and mission bands  
Who freed them from black, pagan night,  
And showed them the true Way and Light.

Then to these isles of new-found love,  
From distant lands beyond the sea,  
Came vast ships bearing scores of men  
Who cast aside their legacy  
Of Christian love, and turned to fight;  
Forgetting God in lust for might.

# CARMELITE AND POET

## A NOTE ON ROBERT SENCOURT'S BOOK

*Marie F. Myott, '45*

IN HIS biography of St. John of the Cross, the eminent mystic of Spain's Golden Age, Robert Sencourt fulfills only half of his plan. According to his statement in the Introduction, Sencourt proposed to "offer an explanation of not only a mystic whom many Catholics have found hard to understand, but also of a poet who has long since taken his place among the greatest poets of mysticism and passion."

Robert Sencourt, a convert to Catholicism, gives an excellent exposition of St. John the poet; but he has fallen short of his goal in explaining the mystic. He has failed to grasp the essence of Catholic mysticism, and its fundamental difference from the self-induced exhilaration of the so-called nature and love mystics. He has missed the basic characteristic of Catholic mysticism, which is the negligibleness of the individual in its fulfilment. He has not comprehended that a true mystic is God-made, not self-made; that God may choose a soul either in accordance with that soul's inclination or even against it. A Catholic mystic is not one who, desiring a more perfect knowledge of God sits on a stone amidst the beauties of nature in "a wise passiveness", until he has attained the desired sense of awareness. St. John of the Cross was not a sixteenth century Wordsworth.

In his appreciation of St. John as a poet, Robert Sencourt achieves greater success. As he is an artist himself, he criticizes the work of St. John with delicate perception and sensitive skill. He finds himself more at ease in discussing the



poetic aspect of St. John's writings, and discloses his relief by many graceful, lyrical passages on nature, poetry, and the imagination.

Robert Sencourt is most successful, however, in the accomplishment of his secondary aim—to show the influence of St. Theresa and of the Spain of the Golden Age on St. John of the Cross. Here, he excels. In the vigorous, colorful, less detached spirit of both the saint and the country, Robert Sencourt finds material more suited to his ability. Therefore, he paints with a sure, powerful hand a robust picture of a robust nation and of a strong woman. He writes stirringly of the interplay of fiery, intense personalities in the political and religious history of Spain at the height of its greatness.

As a vivid, forceful picture of Spain and the Spanish temperament; as a delicate, lyrical appreciation of St. John as a poet, Robert Sencourt's *Carmelite and Poet* will furnish the reader delight and instruction. But both delight and instruction will be found wanting in the sections concerned with mysticism and Catholic philosophy. This is evident, particularly, in the passages treating of St. John's advice on perfection in the religious life. In these paragraphs, there is an abrupt and disappointing transition from the clear, well-balanced, vigorous treatment of the literary criticism to a turgid, obscure, sentimental handling of a subject not understood nor appreciated, so it would seem, by Robert Sencourt. His obvious embarrassment when explaining monastic discipline (particularly its obedience and penance); his self-conscious attempts to justify it in the light of rather English Protestant ideals (smeared with the coloring of Oxford, undoubtedly); his emphasis on the importance of one's manly independence and "all that"—weaken

the thesis of the book. Robert Sencourt has not as yet grasped the Catholic synthesis of personal independence with general coordination. He still retains a strongly Protestant spirit in his views of religion. These can be gleaned in sentences such as: "San Juan de la Cruz was so absorbed in the Bible, and *his own particular mysticism* (italics ours) linked with nature, that he leaves no word of his attachment to the traditional worship of the Roman Catholic Church. He accepted her judgment on his doctrine, yes; but how little does he say on the sacraments!" St. John of the Cross would hardly have attained official sainthood, and been named a Doctor of the Church, unless his prayer were built upon the foundations of Faith, Morals, and the Sacramental System. Robert Sencourt chooses as sources to clarify his meaning in discussing mysticism every Protestant writer possible; including as far-fetched an authority as Byron! (God save the mark!) The dogmas of the authoritative Church are the foundation of Catholic mysticism. St. John of the Cross was a true son of that Church.

Anyone interested in learning something of St. John of the Cross and his mystical states would understand it more easily by a direct translation of the poet's works. This translation would seem to me to be far less obscure than Robert Sencourt's explanation of them.

# THE PROUD OF HEART

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

ON TO the large, bare stage, straight to the shining black concert grand piano, strode Paul Chervosky as the deafening applause sounded through Aeolia Auditorium. Soon the impassioned notes of the *Waldstein Sonata* broke on the listening air. In her balcony seat, Mrs. Harvey Stanford II slumped in the folds of her mink wrap. Her mind keyed to the glory of the music spilling from the figure at the keyboard re-lived the past which she had tried so hard to forget.

It was in Vienna, the Vienna of nineteen twenty-five, with a strange gaiety which was but a pale shadow of the vivid exuberance of pre-war days. A group of young pianists had gathered at the Conservatory to study under Franz Terhard. To this group she, Alice Norwood, a young American had come. Terhard regarded the girl with quiet despair. Although she had excellent talent, yet she worked harder at the gay round of pleasure that was Vienna's social life.

One sun-drenched April afternoon, Alice was intent upon her harmony study. Suddenly she lifted her dark curly head from the score, looked at her wrist watch, snatched her hat, and sped down the Conservatory corridor. At the door of one of the practice rooms, she stopped short. From within came the most glorious tone of a piano. She had heard a more perfect technique, but something in the vibrant touch impelled her to listen. Slowly she turned the knob, pushed the door ajar, and stepped into the room. At the sound, the



pianist swung round, and for one long moment their eyes met. She was looking into the sensitive face with its dark, brooding eyes. Despite the artistic cast of his features, his tall, lean, hard body was surely that of an athlete. It was Alice who spoke first.

"Hello. You must forgive me, but you play so skilfully I had to listen."

"Hello. Haven't I seen you around here before?" smilingly questioned the young man.

"Possibly. I study here. But how is it that we have not heard of your marvelous artistry?"

"I'm rather new here. What's your name?"

"Alice Norwood."

"I'm Paul Cherovsky," he said.

Again they looked at each other intently, then their eyes fell. Alice moved hurriedly towards the door.

"I've an engagement. I must run," she explained. "I trust I haven't disturbed you too much. I must hear you play again."

"And I'll see you again. Good-bye, Alice."

"Good-bye."

She was at the door before the familiarity of his words occurred to her. She could not know how intently his eyes followed her as she disappeared down the corridor.

That evening, at the student musical, Herr Terhard introduced Paul Cherovsky to his pupils. He had come from Czechoslovakia to study music in Vienna. He played. Once more, Alice felt herself carried away in the sweep of his music. After the soirée, Alice met Paul. Together they walked on and talked of the music that entranced them, and of their dreams and hopes. Many other evenings found them together. Then, one August morning, rather abruptly, he

asked her to marry him. Although Alice had hoped for a more romantic proposal, yet she knew now with a swift, passionate surety, that she loved Paul, and needed him above all others.

Days of happiness passed. One morning, Alice burst in on Paul while he was practising.

"Listen, darling, the affair at von Huhens is at four o'clock. You'd better drop your practising and dress."

"But, Alice dear, I told you that I can't be missing all this afternoon's work. We went over all that yesterday when I went with you to Mullers. Don't you think one afternoon a week is enough to drag me away?"

"Oh but, Paul, you know. . . ."

"No, darling. I'll get nowhere this way."

"Well then, tonight, at the Ambassadors' Party. You certainly aren't going to start working nights!"

"I had thought we might have dinner together tonight and talk. I don't see too much of you, you know."

"Oh, introvert, with your dinners in cozy little cafes, and long talks, and longer walks!"

She bit her lip the instant she had said this, but it was too late.

"Then we might as well go to the dance tonight," Paul said quietly, his eyes hurt and bewildered.

That evening, however, content in Paul's arms among the carefree dancers, Alice forgot the bitter taste of the afternoon's bluntness.

So they paired in happiness, until one November evening as they sat by the fireside watching the long fingers of flame reach up to the chimney, Alice suddenly said:

"Paul, it would be wonderful if we could go to my home

for Christmas and be married then. There's not much point in my staying on studying."

Paul was startled. "But I need the year to polish up before I do much public work, darling. Terhard says I can't possibly do myself justice before the Spring. And I feel that way, myself."

"Don't be ridiculous, Paul. You could play in any concert hall in the world tonight, and be a sensation."

"Don't *you* be ridiculous, Alice. We could be married right here this Winter. In the Spring, we'll go to the States, and I'll start concert work."

"Oh, not here, Paul! We can't be married here."

"Why not?"

"Why . . . my friends, and people, and everything. My father has been looking forward eagerly to see me move up the aisle of our church, a bride!"

He looked at her fixedly.

"Does all that really mean so much to you? I see it does. I forgot the romantic end of it. Then we'll wait until the Spring, in the States. All right?"

"It'll have to be in the Spring?"

"It'll have to be in the Spring."

The Winter months slipped by. Paul and Alice were together constantly. They found in each other a spiritual satisfaction. They felt the like surge of emotion in the presence of beauty. They experienced an ever ready joy comparing their thoughts and feelings, discovering therein a rare harmony. But over all this depth of thought and feeling, Paul's acute mind vaguely felt a surface tension. He sensed that Alice was constantly trying to draw him from his music. She would map out endless social engagements for



him. The most disturbing thing of all was her frequent talk of life in the United States with her family and Paul in which his music seemed to have no part. Finally, one day he spoke of his suspicions to her.

"Oh, Paul," she answered. "After all, you can't traipse around the country all your life on concert tours. We want to enjoy our life together doing the things worth living for. It isn't as though I were in any financial stress."

"So, that's it!" His eyes blazed at her. "Things worth living for—teas, cocktail parties, dinner for twelve! And she isn't in financial stress! Papa, again, I suppose. Well, get this. When you become my wife, you'll be *my* wife, and you'll take nothing from anyone but me, understand? And it so happens that my profession is music, and I wouldn't be worth a red cent in anything else. So don't talk to me of life on your father's feudal estate, or whatever they call it. You wanted me; you must take me as I am."

"Paul!"

"Just what is it that makes you want to take me from music? Would it be," he continued craftily, "jealousy? Yes, that's it; plain, selfish jealousy."

Although Alice seemed shocked into wordless astonishment by this tirade, yet she knew in her heart, that it was partly as Paul had guessed. She hesitated. She longed to throw herself confidently into his arms. But she turned away, walked to the door and went on. Later in her room, she was dully, mechanically packing her belongings. This done, she sat at her desk, and after a few moments wrote:

DEAR PAUL:

As you read this, I am on the Atlantic. Believe me, it is better so. I have done something very terrible, something irrevocable. Last week you gave me your application for the Mozart Award contest to mail

for you. I knew you would win, and that the award would necessitate your remaining in Austria to play at the Festival. So, to bring you back to America with me, to the life I so foolishly dreamed of, I burned your application. I said my deed was irrevocable, because, as you know, the entry period expired last night. I do not feel that I can nor have the right ever to see you again. Forgive me, if you can find it in your heart to do so. My misery is greater than yours. I have loved you with too possessive a love; a love that is our undoing.

ALICE

\* \* \*

The sound of the last encore had died. Mrs. Harvey Stanford sat in her balcony seat limp. Someone nudged her into reality.

"Alice, isn't it time to meet Mr. Cherovsky and thank him?"

"Oh, of course, Christine. Was I napping?"

Alice became once more the correct Mrs. Stanford, Chairman of the Czechoslovakian Relief Fund. She followed her friend back stage. There in a group of admirers stood Paul Cherovsky, the same tall, slim figure, but the face much older and lined, the dark eyes more brooding than ever. Her mink wrap held firmly over her bare shoulders, her handsome coiffured head held high, Mrs. Stanford approached Paul and offered her hand.

"Mr. Cherovsky, you can't realize the honor that our Committee has had in having you play so magnificently for us. You assured the success of our concert."

Her voice was steady, clear, detached.

He looked steadily into her eyes and said: "It has been more than an honor for me if by my playing I have been the instrument to relieve some of the suffering of my people. And Mrs. Stanford," he hesitated a moment, "I feel that

the impetus to my career was given me when I won the Mozart Award nineteen years ago."

"Really, Mr. Cherovsky?" chirped Christine.

"Yes. Although I did not have my application in on time, yet I presented myself to the judges and took a chance. It was rather bold, I suppose, but it was my only chance."

"How interesting!" said Alice.

"I believe my cab is coming around," said Paul.

As he passed Alice, he said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Stanford." Then he continued, lowering his tone. "So, you see, there is nothing to forgive."

He was gone. Alice was spellbound. His words could not remake the past nineteen years, but they lightened her heart. An usher came in with a diamond clasp.

"Did you lose this, Mrs. Stanford?"

Alice shook her head.

"Alice never loses anything, do you Alice?" prattled Christine.

Alice made no answer.



## AWAKENING

*Mary J. Reardon, '45*

The stage is set. All voices hush  
And for an instant, breath is caught  
And trembles on the silvery note  
That hails the coming of a Queen long sought.  
Night vigils cease . . .  
Slow, Dawn draws back the curtains of the morning mist,  
As sparkling jewels, late dew-kissed  
A myriad blossoms, white and blush  
New-waked; bow low. The sweet ballet  
Unveil their hearts to greet their Sovereign—Day!

# SHAKESPEARE WEBSTERIZED

*Helen M. Ryan, '45*

NO CONTRIBUTION made in the last quarter century to the field of dramatic art has been greater than that of Margaret Webster. She has given Shakespeare and all his beauties to the average man. Her colorful, experience-filled life has fitted her adequately for her present work of directing. The daughter of Ben Webster and Dame May Whitty, a famous theatrical couple, most assuredly finds herself at home before the footlights. She made her debut in London in 1917. A member of the Macdona Players, she carried the lead in sixteen of Shaw's plays. Later she joined J. B. Fagan's Players where she was outstanding in many Shakespearean roles. She traveled for long the path of success to a deeply cherished goal, that of Shakespearean director.

Maurice Evans, hearing of the talents of that "Webster girl" in London, sent for her, saw her, was conquered by her. In 1937 Margaret Webster came to New York. She was paid the trifling sum of \$17,500 weekly for twenty-three weeks as the director of *Richard II* in which Mr. Evans starred. Assured of success in this country, Miss Webster continued directing Shakespeare's plays with the idea of eventually establishing a repertory theatre.

With her production of *Othello*, Miss Webster literally set her audience on its ear. "A negro in the role of Othello? How extraordinary!" One hot and stifling summer's day some three years ago, *Othello*, starring Paul Robeson, opened, with a certain amount of fear and trepidation, at the Cam-

bridge summer theatre. Apparently the general opinion was that if a Boston audience liked the performance, all audiences would enjoy it. Despite the heat, Mr. Robeson played to a filled house every night. The following winter *Othello* moved into one of Boston's leading theatres. All tongues were set a-wagging as to the justification of a black Othello. Miss Webster immediately rushed to the support of her startling innovation. She asserted that although no negro had ever played the role with any outstanding success, actors down through the centuries from Dick Burbage himself has blackened their faces for the part. Margaret Webster conquered once more. Under her skillful direction Paul Robeson as Othello has become a theatrical *fait accompli*.

José Ferrar attained new heights as the villain Iago. Miss Webster did not present this character cold, bitter, and revengeful. She found a certain amount of humor in the man. Any lines which might give the slightest offense were played down to a minimum.

Uta Hagen as the lovely Desdemona was excellent. She is an artist to her fingertips and possesses a pleasing contralto voice which adds much to Desdemona's songs of sorrow.

The setting and lighting for *Othello* constituted a background upon which this vital, throbbing drama was enacted. This "theatre" never assumed major proportions, and was outstandingly different from the setting and lighting in *The Tempest*. Here there is a closer connection between the play and its surroundings. The former is quite dependent on the latter. A marvelous effect was achieved by a quick blackout followed by one strong beam of light concentrated upon the poised Ariel! It was clever to have the barren setting mounted upon a turntable so that Caliban's den, Prospero's cave, and the path, of the wandering refugees could be seen



by the audience from time to time. The difficulties of enacting a shipwreck on stage were overcome by utilizing a Burnacini print of a ship in full sail. One section of the hold when lighted, was transparent, and the plight of the voyagers in the raging storm could be seen and heard. The set for this play was planned and designed sometime prior to its production by Margaret Webster herself, in collaboration with Miss Eva La Galliene.

Not a few eyebrows were raised in surprise when it was announced that Vera Zorina would star in the role of Ariel. Let a ballet dancer dance and an actress act, and "never the twain shall meet". But the twain did meet and a fine piece of drama resulted, in spite of the predicted inartistry of Miss Zorina. It was a pleasure to watch her swift and sure steps as now she leaped, now glided, and now sped over the stage.

In contrast to the graceful Ariel was the lumbering Caliban portrayed by Canada Lee. Mr. Lee has had a varied career from jockey, to prize-fighter, to actor. Miss Webster chose Canada Lee not because he was a negro but because he was fitted for the part. Caliban's lines though fearful in meaning are expressed in beautiful words which Mr. Lee spoke in a rich and rolling voice timbre.

Arnold Moss playing Prospero was fine as such but he suffered by comparison with those imaginative creatures, Ariel and Caliban. They, by their natures, stole entire scenes from him.

Miss Webster has been criticized for over-emphasizing the ludicrous antics of Stephano and Trinculo, but it can be well imagined that these selfsame critics laughed as heartily at these humorous characters as did any other member of the audience.

How are we to account for Margaret Webster's success in presenting Shakespeare to the general public? The secret of her achievement lies in the fact that she correctly considers Shakespeare's work as timeless. His ideas and thoughts are as applicable in our day as they were in his day. Miss Webster is well aware that this is 1945 and she makes the play suit that date by the reading of the lines; never adding but at times subtracting or changing. This was done in *The Tempest*, when Prospero's "Our revels now are ended" from the fourth act was made to do service as the epilogue to the play. For all her modern applications Miss Webster does not in any way do injury to the cadence and loveliness of Shakespeare's poetry. She is assiduous in her endeavors to maintain the original tone of the dramas. She has lived Shakespeare, therefore he becomes alive again under her understanding and superb directing.

## NIGHT AND DAY

*Genevieve B. Kenefick, '45*

Fresh mist of morn how welcome your cool kiss,  
And honeysuckle breath that blows my hair;  
Your laughter-parted lips seek mine, but miss,  
Then linger lovingly to kiss the air.  
Your warmth and wilful ways I shall disdain,  
And wait till you have wasted all your light;  
From all your proffered kisses I'll refrain,  
And seek the dark embrace of silent night.

## ESCAPE

*Gwendolyn L. McLaughlin, '46*

I pace along my lonely beat,  
My hands within my gloves sting cold,  
My gun o'erfrosted, and my feet  
Walk wearily a pattern old.  
But ah, my heart wings far from here,  
To rest with you, my very dear.

I'm far away where wounds and death,  
And stifled moaning does not tear  
My heart to shreds. For just a breath  
I see your face, all radiant, fair—  
Then battlefields fade dim from view,  
And I am sentry here with you.



# STRANGE REUNION

*Florence L. Logue, '46*

“OH, CARMITA, am I glad to see you! This has been the most hectic day yet. Three emergency operations, seven skull fractures, and fifty-five treated for minor cuts and bruises; all the result of another street riot. Sometimes I wonder if Mexico will ever be peaceful and quiet again.”

Norma Galbis sighed deeply as she stood up to welcome Carmita Gondalez, the relief nurse.

“You must be dead tired, Norma, dear. Go get some rest. I’ll take over now. Is there anything in particular I’m supposed to do?”

“No, I don’t think so. It’s almost time for the eleven o’clock check-up, anyway. Oh, yes, Carmita, look in on Señor Tiaz, will you? His temperature at nine o’clock was 104° and he seems to have trouble breathing. And you might see how the new patient in ward sixteen is coming along.”

“Okay, Norma. ’Night. See you in the morning.”

“Yuh. ’Night, Carmita. Here’s hoping you have a peaceful night,” mumbled the exhausted Norma.

Left to her own devices, Carmita mechanically scanned the routine chart.

“Yes, Señor Tiaz is definitely worse,” she mused. “Poor old man, he probably won’t last much longer.”

Then, as she glanced at the bottom of the chart, she noticed a new name which made her heart leap up in her throat.

“Michel, Michel Drapeau,” she murmured aloud. Could

it be possible? Carmita nearly flew to the door of ward sixteen.

There, she struggled to control her emotions. This man certainly could not be the gay, young Michel she had known in Paris five years ago. What would he be doing here in Puebla, Mexico? Still, she had to make sure.

Carmita half-opened the door to listen, but only the labored breathing of Señor Tiaz disturbed the stillness of ward sixteen, so she cautiously tiptoed inside. Although the young nurse tried to pretend that this was merely her customary night check-up, she realized that there was only one idea in her mind. She had to see the new patient in bed seven.

Carmita actually felt her heart-beat quicken, as she bent over this so-called Michel to study his features in the dim lamp light. He was not asleep, nor did he pretend to be. Instead, he lay motionless, his face swathed in white bandage, so that only his dark eyes pierced the shadows.

A cursory glance at those deep-set brown eyes, however, was enough for Carmita. Quick tears stung her eyes. Yes, this was Michel, her Michel of Paris, but how he had changed! Her sharp eyes took in the wasted figure, the deep circled eyes and the hostile vacant stare which repelled her.

"Michel," she cried in a hoarse whisper, "Michel, darling."

There was no sign of expression, not even a flicker of recognition in Michel's steady gaze. He seemed not to have heard her at all.

With a feeling of apprehension Carmita took the report from the foot of his bed, and deciphered, "possible concussion and apparent loss of memory." Her heart sank. If only there were some way she could help Michel, something she could do for him who had done so much for her during

those gay days in Paris. I must try to make him remember, she thought desperately, but where shall I begin?

Then, an idea flashed through her mind, I'll go back to the fun we had in Paris. It was a long time ago, but it's still vivid to me. Perhaps Michel is living to recapture that dream, too.

"Michel, do you remember that formal tea at the embassy in August 1939? That's where we first met. . . ."

Carmita paused, but the still figure continued to stare straight ahead, so she went on:

"You looked so distinguished, Michel; you had just graduated with honors from medical school. Doctor Drapeau! I can see you now, proud and important in your blue and white pencil-striped suit. Remember how startled you were when I spilled tea on you? You never knew that I did it on purpose, did you? I wanted so badly to meet you. Oh, Michel, . . ."

Carmita's voice broke. She could not go on torturing herself this way. But, then, she saw that Michel had turned his head; he was staring at her now with an intent, puzzled gaze.

"And, Michel, those next two weeks when you showed me Paris! We had such fun! The memory of that happiness has been helping me to live ever since. You loved Paris, Michel, and you made me love it, too. Think, darling, of our walks along the shaded Champs-Élysées, of our visits to the Louvre, and Michel, don't you remember the day you kissed me under the Arc de Triomphe? You claimed it was your triumph, but it was really mine, because I'd been waiting for it since the first day."

At this Michel stirred and tried to sit up, but he fell back weakly. His dry lips moved but scarcely any audible sound came from them. Carmita bent forward eagerly to listen,



yet she could hear only one muttered word, "triumph". Then, he lapsed again into his state of apathy.

Carmita, now slightly encouraged, went on bravely. This time she put her head beside his so her low voice would penetrate his ear drum.

"Michel, can't you recall the night we went to the Opera? It was *Carmen* and you foolishly bought tickets in the third row, so we could see everything. I can still hear the music! And, afterwards, we walked to a tiny café near the river. Remember how we stood up proudly when the orchestra banged out the *Marseillaise*? In that moment I forgot I was just a Mexican girl in love with a Parisian. I honestly felt as though France were part of me, too."

Again, the parched lips moved and this time Carmita heard, "France must triumph."

What could he mean, she wondered. Of course, he must be referring to the shameful German occupation of his beloved country. Carmita shuddered as she pictured the horrors he must have endured during the siege. Perhaps, if she continued, he would say more:

"We were completely happy those two weeks, Michel. Remember the plans we made for our wedding; the Gothic chapel on Rue Verte, a honeymoon in Dieppe, and then, a tiny apartment near the hospital where you were to begin your internship? Oh darling, how long ago that seems and yet how vivid is the memory! Even my father, who wanted me to marry a Spanish nobleman from the embassy, agreed to our marriage. We were so young, so earnest, and so terribly in love."

Carmita was almost unconscious now of Michel. She was actually reliving her dreams and she was powerless to stop herself.

"And, then it happened, Michel. We should have suspected it, but we were too engrossed in ourselves to notice the affairs of the world. France at war with Germany! Even now, I can feel a tinge of the grief that overpowered me. Father had to leave the embassy immediately for Mexico and I had to leave with him. For two hours I tried desperately to reach you, but you had left the hospital, and no one knew where you were going. Michel, darling, you must have wondered when you called that night and found me gone, yet you never answered my letter. And so, I tried to erase Paris from my memory, and until tonight, I thought I had succeeded, but, oh, Michel, . . ."

Carmita was through. She had failed to bring Michel back! As convulsive sobs threatened to strangle her, she rested her head on the bed post.

Suddenly, a low guttural whisper sounded, "Carmita, Carmita."

The young nurse thought it was some mocking echo from her dream-filled past, but when she lifted her tear-blurred eyes, Carmita knew it was no dream. Michel did recognize her, and the look of tenderness in his dark eyes proved that he still loved her. For a single rapturous moment it was Paris again, and Michel and Carmita were two young people completely in love and entirely unaware of the rest of the world.

It was Carmita who broke the spell, "Drink this glass of water, Michel. Now, how do you feel?"

"Wonderful, dearest, happier than I've been for five years."

"No, silly, I mean your head. Does it still hurt?"

"A little. I was just stunned in the street riot. I'll be all right."

"But, Michel, what were you doing in a street riot here in Mexico?"

"I'll explain in a minute, but, first, tell me what you're doing in a hospital. You, of all people, you who wouldn't even let me discuss my work with you!"

Carmita smiled easily and replied, "You see, Michel, when we returned to Mexico, there was a scarcity of nurses. I didn't like the idea of the work, but I wanted to help. Then, too, when I was busy, I had little time to brood over the past."

"And to think I was afraid that you had married that Spanish gigolo," interrupted Michel. "Oh, Carmita, if we could only begin now from where we left off five years ago!"

"Why can't we? You could stay in Mexico, Michel. The hospitals here are crying out for more doctors."

"I'd love to . . . but I can't. It's like this, my dearest. I've been with the Fighting French ever since the war began. In fact, I joined the day you left Paris. That's why you couldn't reach me at the hospital. We were to be in Mexico for only a few hours, but, of course, I had to try to stop that street riot. You know the rest," he finished wearily

"But where are you going from here?"

For a few minutes, Michel did not answer, and Carmita thought he had fallen asleep, worn out from the exertion of too much talking. She turned to steal away, but a new note of urgency in Michel's soft voice called her back.

"Carmita, this is confidential, so listen carefully. We're leaving for Martinique and North Africa as soon as I'm stronger. There are three doctors and two nurses. Would you . . . could you . . . I'm afraid to lose you now. . . . Oh, Carmita, dearest why not come with us?"

At first, Carmita was too stunned to reply. A thousand



questions sprang into her mind, but she realized she should not tire Michel any longer. Besides, she knew what her answer would be and so did Michel. There would be time enough to answer all her questions later. Now Michel needed his sleep, and Carmita thought guiltily of her own work which she had somewhat neglected.

The rest of the night flew by on tranquil wings. Everything seemed better in ward sixteen, even Señor Tiaz. At six o'clock his temperature was down to 100°, and his breathing was gentle and regular.

A mixed feeling of gratitude and awe surged through Carmita's whole body, as she prepared the morning schedules. She had just enough time to slip in to peek at Michel who was slumbering like an exhausted child before Nurse Galbis came to relieve her.

"'Morning, Carmita. Isn't it wonderful what a good night's sleep can do for a person? I feel like a different woman! What kind of a night did you have, honey? Anything exciting happen?"

"No, Norma, not a thing."

# GOOD SAMARITAN

*Barbara A. Dewey, '46.*

JUD started. The touch, like a fragrance, was light but insistent. With half-opened eyes, and characteristic slowness, Jud stood up and then bent slowly over the wasted figure on the cot.

"What is it, Ellie? Are you all right?" he asked.

"Fine, Jud, fine. But it's most near your bedtime. I'll just stay here for a while; maybe I'll slip off to sleep. No sense in you sittin' up any longer."

"Are you warm enough?"

"Yes."

To assure himself, Jud lifted the emaciated arms of his wife and placed them beneath the faded quilt. From the close covered face, cavitied eyes, of the grey of failing fog, watched Jud in silent companionship as he tossed ready-stacked wood into the failing fire.

"Snow's pilin' up bad, Ellie. Sure would hate to be out tonight," Jud commented, kicking a vagrant stick into place.

"I wish Slim was home." The words faltered and faded out. "If it keeps gettin' worse, he won't be able to get home."

"Oh, didn't I tell you, Ellie? Slim's stayin' at the Mitchell's tonight. He's doin' some work for old man Mitchell, and they gotta go into town in the mornin' to get some more tools."

"That's good, Jud. I can sleep now, knowin' he's safe and not out in that storm. You know" (and she threw him a warm, grateful smile) "we're mighty lucky, you, and me,

and Slim. We got a fine home, a fire to keep us warm, and a good bed to sleep in. There's lots of folks ain't got that much."

"It's good to hear you talk like that, Ellie. Makes me feel like I ain't such a failure, after all."

The lanky Jud bent low over the strained, white face of his wife, and brushed her lips with a gentle kiss. At this moment, the sound of stamping feet broke the quiet. A sharp, loud knock sounded. Jud and his wife exchanged puzzled glances. Jud arose and went to the door. The whirling snow lapped at his feet as the door swung open on its cranky hinges.

"I'm sorry to disturb you like this, but my car broke down a short distance from here. I wonder if you could help me. . . ."

The man was about fifty. He was tall, well set-up.

"Certainly. Come in out of the snow," Jud invited. "You sure picked a bad night to have your car break down."

"I'm a great one for pulling boners like this," the stranger laughed. "Er . . . May I use your phone? I think I know where to get some help."

"Sorry, but we haven't got a phone."

"No phone!"

"And the nearest one is about five miles away."

"Good Lord, I . . ."

"Guess you'll just have to stay here for the night."

"That's very kind of you, but I couldn't . . ."

"What do you say, Ellie?"

The stranger's eyes followed Jud's gaze, and for the first time faced the woman lying on the cot.

"You must stay, of course," the weak voice replied. "My



son's room is vacant for the night. You can sleep there. It ain't much, but it's better than bein' out in the storm."

"Thank you. I'm sorry to impose, but there isn't much else I can do. You're very kind."

"You can give me your coat, Mr. . . ."

"Doctor Strong," the man finished.

"I'm Jud Lawson. This is my wife, Ellen."

The doctor's keen eyes rested long on Ellen's face.

"You've been ill, Mrs. Lawson?"

"Yes; I've been in bed two months. It's my heart." The wan, tired smile returned.

"A good, long rest will do the trick," the doctor assured her. "But now, I don't want to keep you from your rest. If you'll show me where I am to sleep."

"This room right here, Doctor," Jud directed.

"Thank you. Good night, Mrs. Lawson; Mr. Lawson."

The door clicked behind him.

When Jud awoke early the following morning, he was surprised to notice that the snow had stopped. The ground, for miles around, lay under a thick spread of whiteness. But not too bad, after all, Jud mused. Expected it to be up to the windows, at least. Guess the doctor won't have a hard time gettin' into town. He knocked on the doctor's door, then shuffled into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

"Mornin', Jud."

"Mornin', Ellie." How come you're awake so early?"

"I didn't sleep good last night. My throat is awful parched, Jud. Would you get me a drink of water?"

Jud was at her side in an instant. Placing his right arm across her shoulders, he lifted her to a sitting position, then held the glass to her thin, dry lips.

In a gasp of startling pain, Ellen tore at her breast. Convulsive throbs racked her. She sank to the pillow in a death-like collapse.

Distracted by frenzied fear, Jud stumbled into the doctor's room, and incoherently babbled his tale of fear.

The doctor rushed to Ellen's side, snatched some pills from the inside pocket of his coat and forced them into her mouth. A half hour later, Ellen stirred. Although frightened and weak, she lifted dull, pain-filled eyes to meet the pleading and hopeful looks of the two men.

"It's all right now. I am not suffering." She raised her hand to catch Jud's fingers in hers.

"How about it, Doc?" Jud queried.

"She's perfectly safe now. The danger's over. But while I'm in town getting someone to fix my car, I'll call on one of the doctors and ask him to run out here in a few days. Let's have breakfast now, shall we? It's a long walk into town."

About six hours after Doctor Strong had said good-bye to the Lawsons, Slim returned home.

"Hi, Mom, Dad!"

"Hello, son."

"How'd the old storm treat you?"

"Pretty tame, Slim. I was glad you didn't come home in it, son."

"Yuh, I was glad, too. Besides, we got a lot of work done. How're ya feelin, Mom?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"Gee, we ran into a funny thing this mornin' goin' into town. We were ridin' along nice and peaceful, old man Mitchell and me, when all of a sudden we almost ran over this guy stretched out on the road. We hopped out of the

car to help him; but the guy's already dead. But here's the payoff. Lookin' for something to tell us who he is, we found this note in his wallet. It says: 'If bearer of this note is found unconscious, pills in lower left side of vest are to be administered immediately because of heart ailment. Failure to do so will be fatal to bearer.' So, listen to this, Mom. We found the box just where it said; but no pills in it. Now wouldn't you think a guy like that would be more careful?"

## NIGHT'S MAJESTY

*Jane F. Ray, '46*

Above the village wrapped in cloak of night,  
Against the darkened background of the sky,  
In clusters, blazing diamonds dazzling white  
The silent stars in splendor reign on high.  
Below the earth in solemn stillness lies  
Beneath the tranquil grandeur of the skies.

The orbèd moon casts spell of magic sheen,  
And sprinkles silver o'er the murmuring streams;  
The slated roof tops and the village green  
Reflect the brilliance of its moth-soft beams.  
All Nature bows in hushed dignity.  
A silent tribute to Night's majesty.



# LINKÈD SWEETNESS

*Joan D. Clark, '45*

TO THE very young people of today, we generally attribute a lack of interest in classical music. They of the jitterbug kingdom seem to lean either toward the brassy "jump" music, or else towards its languid opposite, the "swoon" songs. But despair not, you who cherish Beethoven's *Fifth* and feel like injecting a little of its beauty into the veins of the "bobby-socks brigade". Do not think that each and every youngster in our high and grammar schools is completely devoid of any penchant for the classics. Indeed, to scores of them, Sibelius holds far more fascination than Sinatra, and Brahms more charm than the sultry strains of "boogie-woogie".

Here in Boston, for the past seven years, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has presented its Youth Concerts. From October to April, once each month, the orchestra under the direction of Wheeler Beckett presents a program of classical music, devoted and dedicated to the youth of Boston.

On February twenty-eighth, one of the most interesting concerts was held. Youth was the order of the day. It occupied all the seats on the floor; it filled to capacity the first balcony, and craned its neck over the railing of the second. Where usually sit the Boston "Brahmins" of a Saturday afternoon concert, now sat eager-eyed Italians from the North End, and dusky negro girls from Latin School; all interested, all anticipating. With them sat their teachers; men, women, priests, and nuns.

There was, as a matter of course, a goodly amount of

paper-crackling, candy-munching, and noisy saluting of friends and acquaintances by the younger children before the concert commenced. But miracle of all miracles! When the first chord sounded, these imps lapsed into a profound quietude, from which they did not stir until the number was completed.

The first number was the familiar *Overture to the Marriage of Figaro* by Mozart. Before each of the selections Mr. Beckett spoke a few words, either in explanation of the number itself, or of some instrument figuring prominently in the orchestration. Following the *Overture*, the *Concerto in B Flat Minor* by Tchaikovsky was played by Monte Nelson, twenty-two year old Lynn pianist. His efficient, but incidentally, not brilliant rendition particularly delighted the children.

After the Intermission, during which time it was interesting to see that many high school students made notes, copious notes on their programs, the concert was resumed.

The world première of Mr. Beckett's *Prelude-Nocturne to the Mystic Trumpeter* and a selection of songs from *Carmen* comprised the second half of the program.

This *Prelude-Nocturne* by Wheeler Beckett was of interest not only as a great musical composition, but still more in its relation to literature. It was an orchestral transcription of a musical setting in four parts, of Walt Whitman's poem, *The Mystic Trumpeter*. In the poem, Whitman attempted to convey his impression of the tones of the trumpeter-swan (a bird now extinct), which he used to hear, as it wheeled across the skies at night. The sound of the swan was musically counterfeited by the French Horn.

The whole *Prelude-Nocturne* was based on the first part of this poem which begins:



"Hark, some wild trumpeter—some strange musician  
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to night.  
I hear thee, trumpeter—listening, alert, I catch thy notes.  
Now pouring, whirling, like a tempest round me  
Now low, subdued—now in the distance lost."

Although this highly romantic, Debussy-like selection, seemed far beyond the reach of most of the listeners, they, nevertheless, were interested to catch the tones of the swan, which Mr. Beckett had suggested that they do. The selection was a clever study in orchestration, delicate, poignant, ethereal. The program closed with the first Suite from *Carmen*. In the Suite were included first, a *Prelude*. The second number was the *Aragonaise*. This presented a fascinating solo for oboe; the Basque drum had interesting rhythms, and the piccolo wove high and mysterious threads of color through the Spanish texture of the score. Two Intermezzos followed and the Suite closed with the noisy Finale, which includes the *Song of the Toreadors*.

These concerts are indeed a great institution, for to create in the next generation a love for the beautiful, in music, art, sculpture, or any other manifestation of beauty, it is necessary to instil it in the young. Only in this way can a true appreciation be gained. The easiest and best way to make children music-conscious is to begin early.

By his talks to the children about the various instruments, by the illustrated examples of orchestration on the back of the programs, and lastly by the marvelous performances of the orchestra itself, Wheeler Beckett is carrying on a great program.

Aaron Richmond's Celebrity Series has presented many of the greatest artists of our time at Symphony and Jordan Halls this year. On Sunday, February twenty-fifth, he pre-



sented Ezio Pinza, the Metropolitan Opera basso. Tall, erect, truly handsome, Pinza seemed to cast a spell over the audience from the beginning of the concert. In all truthfulness, it cannot be said that musical events perturb or disturb the souls of Bostonians to any great extent. By repute, musical connoisseurs, they never over emotionalize. A good performance receives the convention-apportioned number of hand claps and "c'est tout". But here convention disappeared from the scene. The audience literally fell in love with Mr. Pinza. Needless to say, many of those present were Pinza "fans". At any rate, the response was amazing.

His program was divided into four sections. The first and second sections comprised Italian folk-songs and arias from many of the operas in which he sings. Section three included English and American semi-classical numbers. A fourth group of Italian songs closed the program.

It would be useless to attempt to explain how very beautifully he sang. Purity of tone, clarity, perfection of diction, dramatic ability; all these qualities were present in his singing. His rendition of "Ombra mai fu" from *Xerxes* was excellent, as well as the simple "Lungi del caro bene" by Sarti. From *The Marriage of Figaro* Mr. Pinza sang "Se vuol Ballare" and as he sang, the whole scene from the opera seemed to unfold. Among the English songs were "Into the Night" by Clara Edwards, a well-known selection; "The Pilgrim's Song" by Tchaikovsky; and a rousing, unpredictable composition, "Winter" by Edward Harris. This selection skipped from English ballad burdens to short passages bemoaning the coldness and sadness of the winter season.

The fourth part of the concert being composed of lighter selections, was in some instances quite humorous. Unrequited love, disappointed love, and love unconsummated were the

themes of these folk-songs. The humorous elements occurred in "L'Amor Xe Una Pietanza" (A venetian Folk-song by Sadero, dating from about seventeen hundred). Mr. Pinza had a chance here to more or less act out and interpret the sad state of the disappointed lover, much to the delight of the audience. As an encore, or should we say, as one of the many encores, Ezio Pinza sang *The Flea*, that ever popular selection for basses and baritones. This gave him a splendid opportunity for some pantomime and "vocal calisthenics".

Throughout the concert, the audience grew more and more enthusiastic. After the selections from the operas especially, they clapped and stamped loudly upon the ancient boards of Symphony Hall. It is not often that *this* happens. (In fact, should such enthusiasm arise too often, methinks a new floor might soon be in order.)

Whatever else he did, Ezio Pinza never attempted to woo his audience by broad smiles or other "personality" devices sometimes employed by artists in concert. Everyone seemed to feel across the footlights that rare personal magnetism, which combined with his tremendous talent has endeared him to America.

## EDITORIALS

### FATHER TO THE MAN;

The salient feature of the age is the glorification of the young; present world events prove the young not unworthy of glorification. Taking advantage of this war-stimulated worship of youth, interested forces are attempting to canalize it into the stream of propaganda against the home.

There is no contradiction here: German and Russian experience establish the sinister results of an all too prevalent philosophy which exalts the child while it discards parental authority. This is the key device in the corruption of old orders, a force subtle in its incipient stage, powerful, almost unshakable once it has achieved victory.

Still creepingly incipient in this country, this anti-authority movement takes on the guise of weak moralization, and insinuates its way into the medium of propaganda most dangerous to the young: the medium of entertainment.

Too many moving pictures, radio programs, and comic strips flaunt all natural authority to spotlight the "wise-cracking" prodigy. The "quiz kid" holds the scepter; parents must wonder and applaud.

We do not protest against social satire. Dickens knew the Christian dignity of childhood, and flayed its abusers, but he left the child a child. Serpent-like, our modern propagandists flatter the adolescent with an illusion of his own superior wisdom, belittle his parents in his eyes, then wait smugly for future developments.

Satire is the food for mature minds; fed to the immature it results only in irreverent "smart Alecs". The increasing



current of this home-disintegrating propaganda must be blocked. Close upon the denial of God-given authority follows the denial of God.

M. H. Z., '45

#### PATTERN FOR PEACE:

Our Most Reverend Archbishop has rendered a public service in sponsoring, for the first time in Boston, a series of lectures on Canon Law. Four talks by eminent authorities were planned to instruct interested laymen on the mandates of our religion.

Though but a beginning, these instructions have been splendidly executed. The benefits to be had from such a movement are manifold. And they are not exclusively spiritual. When man knows what is expected of him by God, he is equipped with an infallible criterion to guide his human behavior.

Human law is but an emanation of the Divine law. What benefits man's soul will profit his body; what will bring him to heaven will render more peaceful his earthly life.

The peace treaty we are now so gravely concerned with formulating has only one hope of success: the true principle that human justice must be patterned on Divine justice has to be recognized. Man once followed his baser instincts and made an armistice that succeeded only in provoking another and more terrible scourge upon him and his children.

To redeem ourselves we need only imitate the Redeemer. Love must obliterate hatred; compassion must overcome revengefulness; mercy must temper justice.

It is well for us to become better acquainted with Canon Law. Knowing God's way, we may humbly but wisely follow it. Man's tactics have ignominiously failed; God's must save us lest we perish.

M. J. O'K., '45

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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## *Calendar Observations:*

Draw up a chair and let's contemplate this magnificent panorama before us. Is it Spring, or the effect of these wartime cigarettes? Do my withered eyes really behold a blooming crocus on yon verdant sward, or is it a mirage? Is it actually lush green grass pushing up from the turf, or a hangover from too many movies? Has that snow through which we ploughed so long that we were beginning to develop the forward stride of Canadian lumberjacks, really melted? Take a quick look at those cotton-y clouds and tell me if anything more ominous than a gentle rain is portended. Has all that slush that ran over the edges of our overshoes been replaced by pansies, tulips and violets? Have the casual zephyrs of Spring put those winter gales to rout? Aw, it *can't* be real!

## *After the Brawl Is Over:*

Is that a candy bar we detect on its way into yon maw? And it is with practiced ease it is being savored and masticated; not with the joyful surprise of an abstainee. Ha, my friend, your attitude indicates the fact that your resolution of February thirteenth was shortlived. You seem to be sleeping late these mornings, also. Has the creature with the cloven feet and trident come off victor as regards those Lenten resolutions? By the way, your vigorous asceticism of two months ago

had him tearing out his horns, but at last reports he was seen filing your resolutions with those same well meant intentions of January first—filing them under “Better Pavings for the Hadean Road”. Come, come—such defeatism hardly warrants you this confection-filled post-Easter gaiety.

*Preparedness:*

Seniors, are you well supplied with oil of the midnight-burning variety? Has the family larder a full stock of coffee? Are your fingernails in sufficiently fine fettle to bear being chewed to the nub? Have you your benzedrine and aspirin within reach? Has the telephone and door-bell been muffled? Have all your friends been given the word? Are the relatives agreeable to giving a week’s lodging to all of the family under ten? Then it would seem as if you might be prepared for the onerous task of comprehensives ahead.

*As Seen by the Billboards:*

How do we unfortunate creatures manage to survive in this world of advertisement-education? You engagees, how did you succeed without the aid of Pond’s? It must have been a struggle and it will take the rest of your life to live it down. You Freshmen, how do you keep your schoolgirl complexions without constant application of Woodbury’s? You infants, from what source comes your vitamins other than Sunkist? Can you visualize yourself meeting someone and conversing in this ridiculously artificial style?

“Hello, Murgatroyd. What a lovely blouse you’re wearing.”

“Thank you, Philomena. It keeps its life and whiteness from constant washing in Greentongue’s newest soap chips. They’re selling for a ridiculously low price this week. Since there’s a limited supply only, why don’t you run right over and buy a carton?”

“Oh, I will, I will. I *always* use Greentongue’s. It keeps my linens so fresh and dainty. Why my family wouldn’t be without it. By the way, how is your mother?”

“Just fine, thank you. Only the other night we were talking of you. She was sitting in our new arm chair that we bought on easy credit terms from Vermin’s Emporium. It has fourteen concealed springs that



make sitting sheer pleasure and it is covered with imitation plush that sends all who see it into raptures. She had been talking of our new rug that lies like a poem on the floor. It is room size and guaranteed to last a lifetime. We also got that at Vermin's. Vermin's is the bargain store, de luxe. 'The biggest bargains east of the Mississippi.' How is *your* mother?"

"She's as chipper as a schoolgirl since she started using Beeswax Floor Polisher, with no rub, no polish, no scrub. It has made a new woman of her, not to speak of what it does for our floors. Our house has taken on a new glow since Beeswax came into our life. To use it is to love it. How's your father?"

Why doesn't some really clever advertising manager publicize his product with some undeniably honest slogan such as: "We wouldn't use it ourselves, but for the price, what do you expect?"

#### *What Turns a Young Man's Fancy:*

Two immutable signs of Spring, that magnificent season of rejuvenation, are Spring hats and Spring fever. Both are equally serious. One serves to counteract the other, so should you be wallowing in the Slough of Despond with some mysterious omen, the like of which science knows not, buy yourself one of these exhilarating bits of straw and fabric, sold at any millinery counter. By some unexplainable coincidence, it is guaranteed to revive your spirits. The guarantee does not extend to creating the illusion of your being an undiscovered Lauren Bacall, but it reacts uncomprehensibly on the vitality of the genus femina. Where verve lay dormant, life quickens; where interest was seemingly drugged, vigor and enthusiasm blazon forth; where stimulus was wanting, stimulus is prodded into being. So much for this voguish panacea for the ills of woman in the season of Spring. In regard to this disease that creeps over the creature in April, this pseudo-illness that deadens the footstep and thins the blood, that produces sleep at inopportune times (viz., twelve to twelve), that injects a Ferdinandian spirit into you whereby you yearn to crawl among the growing things and sniff and roll your eyes, there is but one solution: a new Spring hat. Our only philosophical interjection at this point is what a sad plight was that of primitive woman who was afflicted with the malady but was ignorant of the cure.

## CURRENT BOOKS

*Francis Thompson: In His Paths.* By Terence L. Connolly, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1944. 203 pages.

"And he has trod before me in these ways." America's leading Thompsonian, Father Terence Connolly, in these words strikes the keynote of the account of his 1933 pilgrimage to Thompson's England. *Francis Thompson: In His Paths* is no mere travelogue, neither is it a biography, nor a critique of Thompson's poem. It is, as Father Joseph Husselein writes, a trilogy partaking of the nature of all three. This book is the outgrowth of the reciprocal influence of Thompson's poetry and "paths". Although acquaintance with the sites of his sufferings and conquests deepens the understanding of his poems, yet to Thompson lovers a special beauty and appreciation grow more deeply significant, more spiritually emphasized as they walk with him in his "paths". Apt quotations from his poems illumine the descriptions of the places associated with Thompson's life and work. Chief among these are the pictures of Ushaw, place of Thompson's Catholic education; Manchester, witness of his medical failure; Thames Embankment, haunt of his derelict days; Storrington and Pantasaph, quiet refuges of his prolific period.

Father Connolly names the source of his own greatest profit and pleasure, his intimate association with Wilfrid Meynell, Thompson's "father, brother, friend." He found in Mr. Meynell a mysterious blend "of the innocence of childhood with the wisdom of age." Father Connolly attributes the inspiration of his tour to the eager hospitality, constant cooperation, active interest, and magnificent generosity of Mr. Meynell. America's *Thompsonians* has been greatly enriched by the many manuscripts which Mr. Meynell unselfishly donated to it. The personal touch is further impressed by Father Connolly's visits to Mother Austin, Thompson's sister; to Archbishop Kinealy, the Father Anselm of Thompson's Pantasaph retreats.

This book is necessarily subjective in tone. It is straightforward and unpretentious in style. It trenches with heightened indignation Father Connolly's remarks engendered by the sight of the external glory of "our" churches wantonly wrested from "us" by the reforms of the



English Reformation. Through this work runs his implicit prayer that the poetry of Francis Thompson may break upon a corrupted world with an Apocalyptic force and glory.

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

*Gerard Manley Hopkins, A Life.* By Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1944. 305 pages.

Writing a life of Gerard Hopkins is not an easy assignment. This long-unheralded poet, now recognized as one of the greatest of the nineteenth century, presents his biographers with many difficulties.

To the seclusion of the Jesuit life, Father Hopkins added his personal shyness and natural reserve. Out of reverence for his priestly vocation, he voluntarily suppressed, and destroyed much of his poetry. Consequently, his output is relatively small. Although exquisitely beautiful, it is so profoundly intellectual and spiritual as to give great difficulty to interpreters.

From the meagre first hand information available, many studies of the priest-poet have been created. This latest one is more valuable as a compilation of previously written data than as an original contribution.

Eleanor Ruggles has not made the deplorable but too-common error of separating Hopkins's poetic vocation from his priestly one. She acknowledges what is essential to a true understanding of Hopkins: that he was primarily a religious, and that his poetry reflects his soul-deep spirituality. But despite this initial accuracy, the development is disappointing. The book is more a biography of external accidents and incidents than one of an integrated, Christ-motivated life.

Father Hopkins was a genius, and had many of its accompanying eccentricities. His life was a supremely *successful* failure. Miss Ruggles dwells upon the eccentricities, but virtually overlooks the rare talents to which they are but insignificant correlaries. She emphasizes the depressing, unattractive qualities without revealing the beautiful essence of submission to God's will, the privilege given by Christ to a devoted soul to share the dregs of His chalice.

Mindful that it has been acclaimed as "the definitive biography" of the Hopkins centenary, I presume to consider this book as inadequate and unconvincing. For support, I offer the internal evidence of Hopkins's



poetry. Anyone who reads it with the slightest degree of understanding will discern in "The Wreck of the Deutschland" an extraordinary power of mind and elevation of spirit; in "The Windhover" an exquisite gift for lyric poetry; and in the "terrible sonnets" an enormous capacity for soul-wrenching emotion. Hopkins was more than this picture shows us. He was a heroic religious and a sublime poet.

Eleanor Ruggles has, for a layman, comprehended well the spirit of the Jesuit rule. She has, in the passages concerning Hopkins's relationship to Newman, Bridges, Dixon, and Patmore, included much that is enlightening and interesting. She has made little attempt at literary criticism and appreciation.

In a valiant effort to understand and appreciate Hopkins, Miss Ruggles may, for her own part, have succeeded, at least in appreciating him. But it is to be regretted that her readers must be deprived of so much of the magnetic charm of the real, the vital, Hopkins.

Mary J. O'Keefe, '45

*Pilgrims All.* By Mary McKenna Curtin. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. 295 pages.

Here is a volume that establishes at a stroke the quality and profuseness of the modern Catholic short story. It has been said that the field of fiction has been sedulously avoided by most of our Catholic writers. If this were so it would be unfortunate, since the average reader takes his philosophy from neither philosopher nor theologian, but passively accepts it from the sugar-coated ideologies in fiction. But however much it may have been neglected in the past, the last two decades have produced an affluence of fine, splendid writing in the realm of fiction by Catholics. From this period, Miss Curtin has made a discriminating selection of twenty-eight short stories.

As it is mentioned in the introduction, all these stories have not equal literary value, but they have been chosen deliberately for their diversity with the result that, like the pilgrims of the 14th century, they are representative, non-stereotyped, each with a value all its own. Miss Curtin places all short stories in two classifications, the thesis story and the artistic story. Here we may find the mergence of the two, in the allegory, the satire, the story of detection, the story of the supernatural.

From the classic *Father Brown* collection has been selected one of the most long to be remembered, and one well worth a second reading. Crisp satire from the incisive writing of Belloc is found in "The Man Who Lashed Out," and satire in the mildly ironic fashion is found in a story with a subtle thrust, called "Angeline's Afternoon."

Stories of locale widen in their range to include a tale of the bleak winter experienced by two young boys of the Mexican mountain country, the restless life in an Italian community in the Middle West, and a tender story of the Irish countryside.

A delicately beautiful story called "The Peacemaker," by Enid Dinnis puts before us a most tender picture of a true, humble love of God. She has succeeded in capturing under the magic cloak of words a character of breathtaking sublimity in the very obscure, simple, Brother John. Another story of profound spiritual experience is skillfully written by Alfred Noyes who uses the earliest days of the last World War as his background.

*Pilgrims All* will appeal to a wide number of readers, whether reading in the lighter or more serious vein is preferred, the realistic or the romantic—they are all here.

Mary J. Reardon, '45

*Immortal Wife*. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1944. 450 pages.

*Immortal Wife* is a biographical novel of Jessie Benton Fremont, the mettlesome, captivating wife of John Charles Fremont, explorer, soldier, and political leader.

In 1841, mature beyond her sixteen years, Jessie Benton, daughter of Senator Thomas Benton from Missouri, met John Charles Fremont, a lieutenant in the Topographical Corps of the Army. Their attraction was mutual and Jessie recognized in him a man whom she could love, respect, and complement. Marriage, to Jessie Benton, meant a partnership in which the husband and wife strive, work, and achieve together in order to perfect their union. She had learned, early in their acquaintance, that her husband's fierce desire to prove himself the equal or superior of other men stemmed from the fact of his illegitimacy. She sought to dissipate with love and confidence the cloud of insecurity and sensitivity



over his birth which shadowed her husband's life. Glorifying in the success of his explorations, she gave prodigally of time and effort in helping him prepare his reports to the government. Her faith was balm to him when, as the scapegoat in a controversy of authority between the army and navy, he was court-martialed and found guilty of disobedience. The penalty was remitted and later, as Major-general Fremont, he commanded the Union troops located in Missouri. John welcomed and depended upon the collaboration of his wife in his work. When he was the Republican presidential candidate in 1856, she acted as amanuensis, critic, and editor of his campaign speeches. During the Civil War, she represented him in a tumultuous interview with President Lincoln. Jessie is the picture of the ideal wife; as spirited as the pioneer woman, as charming as the cosmopolite, and as virtuous as the noble woman. She held to the marriage bond completely, her love and loyalty steadfast in wealth and in poverty, in health and in illness, in honor and in disgrace.

A copious and systematic bibliography testifies to Mr. Stone's diligence in ferreting out the details of Jessie Fremont's life. He indicates veraciously the few instances where he has contorted or imagined the facts for the sake of the story. The author has the power of psychological insight into the female mind and of vivid characterization. One distasteful action mars the beauty of Jessie's character. This occurs when she cannot find the charity in her heart to forgive the dying General Kearny. The book ends on a rather pessimistic note as Jessie contemplates her widowhood as a time of pleasant reminiscing about the past rather than of anticipation of a future reunion with John. The author's style is easy, intimate, vibrant, and attractive.

This book is valuable because it proves that the sanctity of marriage can be preserved in the face of separation, war, hardships, and deprivations. In an era of books deriding marriage, *Immortal Wife* laudibly presents a picture of marriage at its noblest and best.

Natalie G. Murphy, '45

*The Scarlet Lily.* By Edward F. Murphy. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1944. 239 pages.

Little is known of Mary Magdalen save the fact that she was a sinner made a saint through love of Christ. Out of the paucity of material



Father Murphy has woven an imaginative story of the life of the harlot of Jerusalem. Embittered and hardened by the cruel death of her mother as she vainly attempted to save Joas, her infant son, from the slaughter of the Holy Innocents, the Magdalen started down the long shameful road of sin, filled with hatred, and desire of revenge on Christ, the innocent cause of her bereavement. Her startling beauty attracted many admirers, among them Tullus, the proud, sensuous Roman, a Babylonian prince, and even Herod Antipater. Gradually her passionate ardor for pleasure and excitement in which to drown bitter memories was replaced by a burning zeal to serve the once-hated Christ. So complete was the transformation that on Good Friday she knelt beneath the Cross on Calvary, a chastened sinner, an appealing saint.

As a book of devotion *The Scarlet Lily* is excellent. Beautiful passages, rich in spirituality and philosophical thought offer food for meditation. Mary and Magdalen are thus compared: "The one cherished silence; the other liked the sounds of life." These are the words of the penitent sinner: "Christ called to my soul and, coming to him, it received the gift of tears. . . ." There is a lesson to be drawn as well as a fascinating story to be enjoyed, for Mary Magdalen is "a type of our modern world—fallen from grace, groping in darkness, and at last finding the light, white with death and ruby with sacrifice, at the pierced feet of the Lover supreme."

It is admirable that a book teach a lesson and stir us to pious meditation, but such are not the functions of the novel which the author has chosen as his vehicle. As a novel it fails to meet literary standards. The characters do not live. We are told what Christ, the Blessed Mother, Mary Magdalen, Tullus, and the others are like, but we do not see them being themselves. The narrator is ever present telling us how events are progressing. The reader never actually witnesses the progression.

The creation of atmosphere, the color, and lavish description in the book merit special attention and praise. However, the richness and oversweetness of the language leave on the whole, an unpleasant tone of sentimentality. In spite of its literary defects *The Scarlet Lily* makes interesting and salutary reading. It is a hint at the wealth of material our religion offers for the creation of a worthy body of Catholic literature in the novel form, but it is not a great Catholic novel.

Mary T. Carroll, '45

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# A THOMPSON TRIAD

## PART I

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

I HAVE always loved these lines:

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,  
Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew.

Now I find that Francis Thompson has written poems which capture the same delightful quality of imaginative wonder. Only, his *Poems on Children* possess substance as well as fancy. They are fragile, yet their fragility has the strength of silk. The fiber itself is strong. When a piece of silk is held before the light there can be seen other shades besides the predominant hue; before the light of thought, Thompson's Poems reveal prisms.

All of the *Poems on Children* are written in traditional forms. All have an endearing simplicity and a lilting music which are well adapted to the subject matter. They swing in a smooth even rhythm—there are no rough edges. There is no extraneous matter; they are compact. All capture that intangible spirit of child-like freshness. The lyrics are as pure and sweet and as clean as a violet-scented breeze. In all there is a certain wistfulness, a certain sadness that is not morbid, but rather a gentle reminder that Time does not stand still.

Although I love all of these poems, I think that "The Making of Viola" is a magnificent piece of holiest imagery. Viola is being made in heaven; all the heavenly folk assist in her creation. Mary spins her hair. The angels weave her

flesh. Jesus scoops her eyes. It is a cooperative movement of beauty. Through it there is a sacred spirit of the creation of a child. There is none of the modern sex injection, biological aspect, and totally animalistic outlook concerning parenthood and child birth. It is placed in the sphere in which it should be placed—above the material.

I suppose if some modern poet were to write a poem dealing with the same subject matter he would concern himself with such issues as genes; the possibilities of the child's being a boy as against its being a girl; the economic crisis the child will cause in the smug little family. He might even use his poem as an argument for birth control. But Thompson dwells on the mystery of the birth of life. He concentrates on God's participation in the event. God the Father says:

Breathe, Lord Paraclete,  
To a bubbled crystal meet—  
Breathe Lord Paraclete—  
Crystal soul for Viola.

This is a lovely symbol. It is not an exaggeration nor a sentimental misconception; it is truth sung to the accompaniment of heavenly harmony. Viola is the creature of the Holy Trinity. Thompson brings the poem down to earth with—

Baby smiled, mother wailed,  
Earthward with the sweetling sailed;  
Mother smiled, baby wailed,  
When to earth came Viola.

Thompson applies a neat turn of phrase; he knows when he should come down to earth. He is a rare poet who knows where to draw the line between fantasy and caprice. This Thompson does easily and beautifully.

In the last two stanzas Thompson plucks the heart strings. Smiles are conceived in heaven; tears are conceived on earth. But smiles are made for heaven and tears are made for earth. It is through our earthly sorrows that we attain our heavenly joys. It is fitting, therefore, that Thompson should close the poem in this fashion:

Whence your smiles we know, but ah!  
Whence your weeping, Viola?  
Our first gift to you is a  
Gift of tears, my Viola!

Thompson, then, has treated an important, realistic theme in a romantic manner. But his treatment has neither lessened nor cheapened its significance. "The Making of Viola," in particular, and his *Poems on Children*, in general, are filled with rich imagery and penetrated with affluent thought. Their lightness of tone may deceive the unwary; but the young in heart will find these poems pregnant with beauty and truth. In the poem "To My Godchild" there is a rose-sweet line—"Look for me in the nurseries of heaven." God must have made Thompson chief guardian up there, for look what he has done for the nurseries on earth!

## PART II

*Betty A. Mabeu, '45*

Madeline and Monica Meynell were Thompson's deep inspiration for the beautiful, elaborate, innocent *Sister Songs*. He wrote the poem as a Christmas offering to Mr. and Mrs. Meynell. Though the poem is touched with the "still sad music of humanity", it is far from being a doleful, cheerless tribute. It is a dance of words, a masterpiece of imagery delightfully lyrical-bound in cadence and subtle reminiscences.



I shall discuss here only the first part of *Sister Songs*, which gives due honor and magnificent praise to Madeleine. The Poem opens with a complaint because of Spring's late coming. Thompson's dependence on the Sun for health of body and inspiration of song is incisively stated at the very beginning:

While Song did turn away his face from song?  
Or who could be  
In spirit or in body hale for long—  
Old Æscalop's best Master! lacking thee?

Then, suddenly, Spring is upon him; he has seen it:

Mark yonder, how the long laburnam drips  
Its jocund spilth of fire, its honey of wild flame!  
Yea, and myself put on swift quickening,  
And answer to the presence of a sudden Spring.

These opening lines have somewhat of a Shelleyan echo. They contain the same impetuous rush of sound and color, the same scintillating brilliancy of words. They recall the Keatsian power of fanciful imagery and vividness of sense perception. The Poem ends on a proper Thompson note, a Mary-reflected beauty, for May's gown of nature fibre is but a garb of Mary's sent-to-earth loveliness. The refrain, which justifies the title, *Songs*, calls upon Spring's nurslings, the leaves, the flowers, the birds to join together to sing the praises of Sylvia for "her sweet, feat ways."

Part the First is really a Spring fantasy, an aria of delight, an exultation of the renaissance of the spirit. It nonetheless exhibits an autobiographical revelation of the darker and more dolorous days of Thompson's career. It is not, however, explicitly autobiographical; it is rather the poet's own shyness and consciousness imaged poetically. The first stanza opens with the true spirit of the Springtime. All in nature is gay—

The leaves dance, the leaves sing,  
The leaves dance in the breath of Spring.

Now in swift-moving kaleidoscopic imagery comes the portrayal of the exquisite beauty of the first flowers as they burst from their buds; but, hark—

The smouldering rosebud chars through its sheath for beauty and pain are coupled.

On the impassioned melody sweeps to the second stanza of glorious fantasy. The poet standing, bound in “mazes of vernal sorcery” hears the elfin music of the flowers. These unheard sweeter melodies rise in concert orchestration to laud the praises of Sylvia. When the music of the flowers has died away, Thompson perceives the essential flower. The concreteness of his execution in the lovely description of these early flowers is, I think, unmatched. He gives to each flower, its “self” (in a Hopkins sense) characteristic. He catches the mystery of the very activity of the upsurge endeavor of bud to bloom in

Others, not yet extricate,  
On their hands leaned their weight,  
And writhed them free with mickle toil,  
Still folded in their veiny vans.

Now a host of female divinities break upon the awed senses of Thompson. Here, again, we are aware of Keats:

With some sweet tenderness they would  
Turn to amber-clear and glassy gold;  
Or a fine sorrow, lovely to behold,  
Would sweep them as the Sun and Wind's joined flood  
Sweeps a greening-sapphire sea.

Among all this radiant and delightful company, Thompson sees the child herself. The poet implores Spring ever

to keep Sylvia in her train of delicate loveliness; to keep her always sweet, young, childlike, and innocent.

Now Thompson plays on a personal note in his revelation of the awe and rapture and delight which the kiss of Sylvia gave him of her "own sweet will." This child's kiss opens the floodgates of his London miseries and brings back potently the memory of that other flower "fallen from the budded coronal of Spring." Since these memories of his dark days were an ever-present suffering, we are not surprised to find in the very heart of an innocent-melodied poem this poignant experience lodged:

Forlorn, and faint, and stark,  
I had endured through watches of the dark  
The abashless inquisition of each star,

Then a Magdalen befriended him from a widow's mite  
affluence. She was

A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower  
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring  
And through the city streets blown withering.

He kept her memory enshrined in his heart's temple; he spent long hours in search for her—but he never saw her again on earth. Like the unknown of the Gospels, she has been anonymously immortalized in song.

Thompson has made a beautiful poem of praise of his subject in this charming depiction of the miracles of Spring. This dainty and debonair selection is swung on graceful and supple rhythms. Thompson has touched the stops of the spirit ascending from agonies to exultations. Even the dolorous and the sad are here harmonized with delight. As Thompson transforms his dark period of pain to ecstasy, the reader feels a sense of freedom and release.



### PART III

*Margaret M. Lynch, '45*

Laura inspired Petrarch with a passion which has become proverbial for constancy and purity. His lyrics have immortalized it. Dante enshrined his deep-rooted love for Beatrice in his *Vita Nuova*. Six centuries removed from the Dante and the Petrarch of the Middle Ages, many miles distant from sunny Italy, Francis Thompson sang the praises of Alice Meynell in a strain unsurpassed for its tone elevation, its spiritual motivation, and its impressive admiration.

*Love in Dian's Lap* is a magnificent lyrical sequence. Herein Thompson strives to picture a "vision of divinity." It is a "perfect woman" he lauds; it is Mrs. Meynell as the "temple of God" that stirs his soul to its depths; it is the "beauty of His house" that inspires the exquisite poetry. So St. John of the Cross might have addressed the seraphic St. Theresa of Avila.

The opening poem of the sequence, "Proemion" is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Meynell. Here "Love and Song sing together," thus disclaiming the epithet "vacant" which he applies to the muse-deserted shrine of his heart.

"Before Her Portrait in Youth" is enriched with apt comparisons which vivify his love. He treasures her "cast youth" as the lover fondly adores "some stealth-won cast attire she wore." The following lines express the theme of "To a Poet Breaking Silence":

The Muses' sacred grove be wet  
With the red dew of Olivet.

Here Thompson seeks the wedding of the palm and the laurel: sanctity and song. Again, his suggestive symbols enlarge and qualify his thoughts:

As the vintages of earth  
Taste of the sun that ripened their birth . . .  
Thy wine is flavorful of God.

The intensity of his love pulses through "Manus Animam Pinxit". At no school of the aesthetes could be found the flowingly-clear, true-worded praise of the fervently inspired lines

Whose spirit is lineal to that  
Which sang "Magnificat".

That praise is enveloping, it is true; yet echoes of its richness are found throughout this superb poem:

Your beauty, Dian, dress and contemplate  
Within a pool to Dian consecrate.

Pleasant in its repetition and variation, facile in its rhymes and rhythm, "A Carrier Song" playfully, yet earnestly, pleads for Mrs. Meynell's return after an all too short visit:

Swift, swift and bring with you  
Song's Indian summer.

"Scala Jacobi Portaque Eburnea" parallels the ladder envisioned by Jacob with the contemplative turn of Mrs. Meynell's thought. Both scale heaven on an angel-footed ladder. Not as a rebuke, but as a tribute to her composite beauty, Thompson advises in "Gilded Gold"

Where a sweetness is complete  
Add not sweets unto the sweet.

"Epilogue to the Poet's Sitter" houses the conceit of limited illimitable range, for he sets her face and the heavens as the limit of his gaze:

My restless wings that beat the whole world through  
Flag on the confines of the sun and you.

Thompson's joy in the beauties of nature is increased as he visualizes an added grace bequeathed to their loveliness by his Lady—that Lady whom the man in him “calls Love, the child calls Mother.”

In “Beneath a Photograph” Thompson confesses his preference for his own word-portrait. It is the complete Mrs. Meynell who appeals to him, and that wondrous personality that won his entire admiration he has caged forever within the lines of “Her Portrait.” She is at once of the cherubim who sing God's praises, and of the seraphim who silently contemplate His Majesty. She is at once the mother and the virgin, “votaress to the virgin Sanctitude, of reticent withdrawals sweet.” She wears the veil of femininity and the habit of the flesh. She is the woman of earth and heaven. Thompson's power of magic verse has caught her elusive beauty:

How praise the colour of her eyes, uncaught  
While they were coloured with her varying thought.

The sequence *Love in Dian's Lap* is a tribute both to Mrs. Meynell and to Thompson. What he sought to learn from her, the union of sanctity and song, he has achieved. Though Thompson's debt to Mrs. Meynell was large, he has fittingly discharged it by this immortalizing verse. The poem stands revealed as the expression of chaste Christian love. It is comprehensive in its application to good women everywhere. It sings humanly in its choice of a mortal woman; it apostrophises the Immaculate Womanhood of the Mother of God.



## SUMMER SONG

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

The lake lies still like clear blue glass,  
Faraway skies arch velvet soft;  
And swan-like sails silently glide,  
And daisies play with fairy grass.

Oh, never will an artist paint  
This scene I view, these hues I see;  
Nor will the poet ever sing  
The perfect song; they thrust but feint.

## SUMMER STORM

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

The sky swells black with sullen clouds,  
Tree branches bend, leaves dip and wave;  
And lilies curl their petals tight,  
Vines creep like ghosts in eerie light.

The thunder growls like dogs at bay,  
As lightning snaps, mad thunder roars;  
Long, slanting rain hisses, then pounds  
And stabs at snarling, whining hounds.

When sky clears blue, and cotton clouds  
Sail west to stencil setting sun,  
A saffron world bursts forth and fades  
Like the blended notes of serenades . . .  
And lily petals die in the shade.

# BLIND DATE

A Radio Play

Marie F. Myott, '45

ANNE: And now we'll keep a blind date.

BIZ: *Traffic noises up and down into giggling.*

KAY: Doesn't she look silly surrounded by those baskets?

MARY: Well, you may think so (*Laughs*) but I think she looks pitiful. Honest, if I didn't know the truth I'd probably give her every nickel I have. (*Both laugh.*)

ANNE: It may amuse you people, but I'm bored. We've been here two hours watching Joan put on that blind act and the result is that I'm out of patience and she's out of baskets, or almost.

MARY: Bored or not, we've got to stay here one more hour. You know that those are the regulations. We have to see that Joan stays on that corner for three straight hours. If she gives up before then, she can't get into the sorority.

ANNE: (*Sighing*) Oh, well, I suppose we might as well prepare for another boring hour.

KAY: Maybe not so boring. Look who's over there now!

MARY: I wonder if he's married.

ANNE: I wonder what he's saying.

BIZ: *Traffic up and down.*

MARK: I see you're doing quite a business.

JOAN: Yes, I'm almost sold out.

MARK: You're new here, aren't you?

JOAN: Why yes, I am. How did you know?

MARK: Oh, I pass this corner every day for lunch. Twelve to one, that's my lunch hour. I'm over at the clinic down the next street.

JOAN: Oh, then you're one of those medical students observing over there.

MARK: I'll have you know, madam, that I'm doing more than that. I'm a full-fledged M.D., and have been, for over a year.

BIZ: *Sneak music fade in—a circus march.*

JOAN: I apologize, doctor.

MARK: I accept it gracefully. (*Joan laughs.*) Say, sounds like a parade somewhere around. Hear it?

BIZ: *Music louder.*

JOAN: Is this a holiday?

MARK: Ummm, no, not that I remember from my history course. (*Enthusiastically*) I know what it is! Today's the day the circus comes to town. That's what it is—the circus parade. So that's why I saw all those kids running by the clinic. Sure, I can see it going by now! It's three blocks down. Have you ever seen a circus parade?

JOAN: (*Eagerly*) Gosh, no, I haven't.

MARK: (*Gently*) Oh, no, of course. I'm sorry.

JOAN: That's all right.

MARK: I don't suppose you've ever been to the circus, have you?

JOAN: (*Hesitatingly*) Well, I . . . no, I haven't.

MARK: I don't think anybody should miss seeing the circus at least once in his life. (*Pauses.*) Look here, how would you like to go to the circus with me? Tomorrow's my short day at the clinic, and we could go to the afternoon show.

JOAN: But . . .

MARK: I guarantee you'll see everything I do. I'll show you the circus through my eyes. Please come.

JOAN: But . . . (*Sighs.*) Oh, golly.



BIZ: *Traffic up and down.*

MARY: Look Kay, now Joan seems worried.

KAY: I can't stand it. I wonder what they're talking about.

ANNE: Gosh, this is worse than just being bored.

MARY: Oh, Anne, so help me, Heaven couldn't satisfy you.

ANNE: Well, I like action, but only when I'm in it. This idea of our staying over here watching Joan amuse herself with a handsome young doctor, or dentist, or whatever else wears white, is the stupidest thing I know of.

KAY: Anne's right. Why don't we do something about it?

MARY: (*Skeptically*) What, pray?

KAY: Why don't we go over and buy some baskets? That will give us a chance to get in on the conversation.

ANNE: Yes, that's wonderful! Come on, let's go!

MARY: (*Philosophically*) Well, he can't escape us all.

BIZ: *Traffic up and down.*

MARK: I wish you'd change your mind. In fact, I insist that you change it. You've got to follow doctor's orders, you know. Hmm, I think you have three prospective customers headed this way.

BIZ: *Approaching footsteps.*

KAY: (*Artificially*) Anne, Mary, have you seen these lovely baskets?

MARY: } (*Dramatically*) Oh, let's see!  
ANNE: }

KAY: They really are charming. My, you don't have many left. (*Meaningfully*) You seem to be doing very well.

JOAN: (*Acidly*) Yes, I think I've done well today. Would you like to buy a basket, or are you just passing by?

KAY: Oh, I definitely want a basket, but I'd like to look

at them a little longer before deciding. Why don't you just continue what you were doing. We'll just think over the baskets.

ANNE: Oh, yes, don't let us disturb you. We're not in any hurry.

MARY: Besides, we weren't here first.

MARK: Please don't wait on my account. I was just about to leave when you came. (*Starts to walk.*) I'll just drop by on the way back to get a better answer. The first one wasn't satisfactory.

BIZ: *Footsteps fading out.*

KAY: What answer wasn't satisfactory, Joan? What were you two talking about?

JOAN: Oh, it's just that he wants me to go to the circus with him tomorrow.

KAY: }  
ANNE: } (*Amazedly*) What?  
MARY: }

JOAN: Well, don't get that excited. Naturally, I refused.

KAY: Is that considered natural?

JOAN: Well, if you brain children will only think, you'll remember that he thinks I'm blind. That's why he wants to take me. I should have told him I'm not blind, but he never gave me a chance.

ANNE: (*Excitedly*) Why tell you're not blind? Why don't you follow the game up, and go to the circus with him, blind. Gosh, you'll never have another chance for an experience like that!

KAY: Sure! Just imagine what it'll be like having somebody explain a circus to you!

JOAN: Oh, don't be crazy. I can't do that.

KAY: Oh, yes you can. You just don't want to take the

chance of being found out in your bluff. Well, I dare you. In fact, if you don't go with him, I herewith deny ever having seen you complete your initiation.

MARY: That's a nifty idea. I go with Kay.

ANNE: Me too!

JOAN: Oh, gosh, how do I get into spots like this? Quick, scram you people, he's coming back.

KAY: Okay, but you'd better scram fast too. It's almost one o'clock, and the policeman on this beat goes by at five past one.

BIZ: *Hurried footsteps, muffled laughter. Fade out.*

MARK: Hello again. Here, I brought you an apple.

JOAN: Oh, thank you, sir.

MARK: Confidentially, it's really a bribe to make you say "yes". How about it?

JOAN: Yes.

MARK: Hurrah for my side. It was a hard fight, Ma, but I knew I'd win. Tomorrow I get out at twelve o'clock. Where shall I meet you?

JOAN: Right here is about the best place. That way I can sell my baskets until you come.

MARK: Fine! (*Whistles.*) I've got one minute to make it back to the clinic. (*Starts to walk, then stops.*) By the way, what's your name?

JOAN: (*Laughing*) Joan—that is, Joan Smith.

MARK: Well, Joan Smith, till tomorrow.

BIZ: *Running footsteps fade out. Music of calliope, circus noises, up and down.*

JOAN: Where do we go now?

MARK: (*Loudly*) What did you say?

JOAN: (*Shouting*) I said, "Where do we go from here?"

MARK: (*Shouting*) Over to the panthers.



BIZ: *Calliope up and down. Noise of panthers.*

JOAN: This is close enough, Mark. There's no use getting them angry.

MARK: Sissy!

BIZ: *Calliope up and down into screams of crowd.*

MARK: (*Shouting*) Wow! She just made that double-flip by a hairsbreadth. Now she's going to flip herself over to another trapeze about twenty feet away.

JOAN: (*Excitedly*) O-o-o-h! Be careful!

BIZ: *Crowd roars. Calliope up and down into soft car motor.*

MARK: Did you like it?

JOAN: (*Contentedly*) Um-m-m-m.

MARK: Tired?

JOAN: Um-m-m-m-m. (*Sighs*)

MARK: (*Yawns*) I could do with some rest myself. I think I get more worn out than the acrobats.

JOAN: Um-m-m-m.

MARK: Well, here we are back to the good old clinic. By the way, where's your house?

JOAN: (*Alertly*) My house? Oh, my house. That's—that's down the first street to the right after the clinic.

MARK: First one?

JOAN: Ye-es. I'm in the third house on this side.

BIZ: *Car stopping.*

MARK: The end of the road. I'd like to start all over again.

JOAN: So would I (*Sighs*) but we can't.

BIZ: *Car doors opening and closing.*

MARK: I hope I've got all your baskets. They were all over the back seat.

BIZ: *Footsteps on stairs.*

MARK: That was fun. Would you like to do something like that again?

JOAN: (*Guiltily*) Oh, Mark.

MARK: (*Surprisedly*) Well, didn't you have fun?

JOAN: (*Reassuringly*) Oh—oh yes, I had loads of fun. I'd love to do something like that again.

MARK: (*Laughs*) You had me worried for a minute. Well then, how about planning it at lunch tomorrow?

JOAN: Well, (*breathing unevenly*) Yes, I'll see you at twelve. Goodbye.

BIZ: *Footsteps down stairs. Car motor fade out.*

FEMALE VOICE: Who's down there, I'd like to know, making so much noise on my steps. If you don't get off my property I'll call the police.

JOAN: (*Whispering*) Well, I deserve it.

BIZ: *Footsteps down stairs, fading into tinkling of dishes and silver.*

MARK: . . . and if they're still alive by the time I get back, I definitely kill them before the afternoon's over. "Mark, the Murderer", I'm known as over there. I do so much for the city morgue that they send me a calendar every January as thanks.

JOAN: (*Laughing*) Doctor, how did you get by the medical board?

MARK: Oh, I studied a booklet on developing charm and attracting people. Then it was a cinch. Gosh, the pizza's good today. Ever had a pizza pie before?

JOAN: Is that a pun? If it is, it's miserable. At any rate the answer's no. I'm beginning to feel like old Uncle Henry fresh down from the farm.

MARK: Well you ought to. I didn't know anybody could live as long as you have without knowing anything about

circuses and pizza pie. I bet you've never done what we're going to do tomorrow either.

JOAN: What's that?

MARK: Have a Chinese lunch.

JOAN: (*Eagerly*) No. That ought to be fun. (*Hesitatingly*) But . . . but I don't think I can go.

MARK: Of course you can. Why not?

JOAN: Well, there's something I don't think I've told you that might interest you. That is . . . maybe it wouldn't. We'd better go. You've got only five minutes to make the clinic.

MARK: Gosh yes! Oh, by the way, tomorrow I'm off an hour later, so I won't be able to meet you till about five past one. Mind waiting?

JOAN: (*Laughs.*) If you're willing to take the chance. You don't know my disposition when I'm hungry.

BIZ: *Noise of dishes fades out. Traffic sound up and down.*

JOAN: (*Whispering*) Oh, my goodness, five past one, I forgot.

OFFICER: Young lady, I don't think I've seen you before on my beat.

JOAN: I . . . just got started, officer.

OFFICER: Well, I hope you like the corner. By the way, I'd like to see your license.

JOAN: (*Innocently*) License, what license?

OFFICER: Now look here, don't give me that old line. I want to see your license to sell baskets on the city streets, and if you haven't one, there's no use hemming and hawing about it.

MARK: Hello, Joan. Is there any trouble?

JOAN: Well, I'm not sure.

OFFICER: Maybe you're not sure, but I am. Either show



me your license or come down to the station and explain it to the sergeant. Now have you got it, or haven't you?

JOAN: No, I haven't got it.

OFFICER: That's what I thought. Well, you and the baskets had better come with me.

MARK: Wait a minute, officer. After all, she might have a good explanation.

OFFICER: Listen young feller. Maybe when you've had fifteen years of experience with peddlers you can tell me how to run my job. But until then I'll thank you to mind your own business. Now come along, both of you.

MARK: Now listen officer. You know you really aren't the type who'd take an innocent young girl like this one into a police station.

OFFICER: Oh, I'm not! Well just watch me. Come along now.

JOAN: Oh, Mark, please don't come to the station. I don't want you to.

MARK: Regardless of whether you want me to or not, I'm coming right along. Don't worry, the sergeant will be decent about it. Everything will turn out all right.

JOAN: (*Mournfully*) Oh, no it won't.

BIZ: *Chopin's Funeral March up and down.*

OFFICER: Okay, we go in this door.

BIZ: *Door closing. Typewriter clattering.*

JOAN: Oh, Mark, I was crazy to do this.

SERGEANT: Well, Thompson, what's the charge?

OFFICER: Peddling without a license, Sergeant. I found this young lady here selling baskets.

SERGEANT: (*Sighs*) Won't they ever learn! Now before I book you, girl, have you any legitimate excuse? And don't tell me you didn't know the law.

MARK: Sergeant, you're a chivalrous man, and I can see that you wouldn't ruin this girl's future by putting her name on permanent record for her first offence. Or, that is, it is your first offence, isn't it, Joan?

JOAN: (*Tearfully*) I've never done anything like this before in my life.

SERGEANT: Now don't try to work on my sympathies because it won't work. You're the fourth one picked up on this peddling without a license charge this week, and they all blubbered about it being their first offence.

MARK: (*Indignantly*) But Sergeant, you can see this girl wouldn't lie.

JOAN: (*Mournfully*) Oh wouldn't I?

SERGEANT: Now that's no way to act. If your boy friend tries to help you out you should at least cooperate.

MARK: Thank you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Now don't go jumping to conclusions. That was just a remark on etiquette. What you say doesn't influence me at all.

OFFICER: And that's that!

SERGEANT: I can finish my own sentences, Thompson.

OFFICER: Sorry, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Now, where were we?

JOAN: (*Sourly*) On etiquette.

MARK: (*Whispering*) Joan, pipe down.

JOAN: No, I won't. I want to go to jail. I deserve it.

SERGEANT: Well, now, wait a minute. It's up to me to decide who deserves to go to jail. Don't be telling me how to run my business.

MARK: Sergeant, you can obviously see from the way this girl is talking that she's overcome by the situation she's in. She doesn't know what she's saying.



JOAN: Oh, yes I do. I want to tell the truth and nobody's going to stop me. Sergeant, I'm a liar and a hypocrite.

SERGEANT: Now, take it easy.

MARK: Joan, for heaven's sake.

JOAN: No, I mean it, and furthermore, Sergeant, I'm not really a peddler. And besides—I'm not even blind.

OFFICER: You're what?

SERGEANT: Thompson, stay out of this.

JOAN: Now what do you think of me, Mark?

MARK: I think you're silly to believe you'd fooled me this long.

JOAN: Oh, then you knew!

SERGEANT: Now, what's the meaning of this. I want an explanation.

JOAN: When did you find out?

MARK: I suspected it at the circus, and when you told me yesterday that I had five minutes to get to work I knew you were able to see the clock on the wall. What I can't figure out is why you did it.

OFFICER: That's what I'd like to know, too.

SERGEANT: (*Cholerously*) Thompson, stay out of this. Now for the last time, will anybody tell me what this is all about?

JOAN: I had to do it for an initiation into my sorority.

SERGEANT: (*Roaring*) Another one of those college tricks.

MARK: Well, for the love of Mike. (*Bursts out laughing.*)

JOAN: (*Tremulously*) It isn't that funny.

MARK: (*Between chuckles*) Oh, come on now, Joan. It really is funny. (*Bursts out anew.*)

SERGEANT: (*Pounding on desk*) I want quiet here! Young



woman, do you know that your little trick is a transgression of the law?

JOAN: I'm sorry, Sergeant. Honestly, I don't know what I'm doing.

SERGEANT: Neither do I. You're disrupting this station. Get out!

MARK: But what about the charges?

SERGEANT: The charges are dropped. Now, please get out.

MARK: Thanks, Sarge. Quick, Joan, come on before he changes his mind.

BIZ: *Running footsteps. Sound of door slamming.*

MARK: Whew! Well, that's that. And all this for a sorority.

JOAN: Do you think I'm crazy, Mark?

MARK: Well not as crazy as I thought you were. (*Starts to laugh.*)

JOAN: What's the matter?

MARK: Those glasses, take them off before anything else happens.

JOAN: And how, and I hereby leave them to the dear old police station.

BIZ: *Sound of window opening quickly.*

SERGEANT: (*Shouting*) Hey you two, don't you know it's against the law to deface police property? Now pick up those glasses or I'll prefer charges against you!

BIZ: *Sound of window slamming. Gay music up.*

# SALUTATIONS TO SPRING

*Sister Frances Aloysius, S.U.S.C., '45*

Greet the Springtime! Do you see it  
Flushing earth with blossoms fair,  
Bringing life to hills and woodland,  
Scattering beauty everywhere?

Buttercups like golden pennies  
Gleam from dew-wet shining grass;  
Misers only spurn their splendor,  
For their wealth they can't amass.

Greet the Springtime! Do you hear it?  
It rings in air-borne symphony;  
Robins, bluebirds, larks, and thrushes  
Fling their song out cheerily.

These harmonious crescendos  
Joy-charged, tuneful gladness bring;  
Peace-pulse throbs in human heart-beats,  
Charged by ecstasy of Spring!

## THE GARDEN

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

A SLIP of yellow paper lay crumpled at her feet. She did not seem aware of the beauty of the night. She sat stiff and rigid, as one in a strait jacket. Her only movement was an occasional twisting of her wedding ring. In back of the settee was an enormous, trellised rose bush. In the center of the garden was an old fountain. Even in the moonlight one could see the cracks with the lines of moss. It looked like a yellowed fold of spiralled satin doggedly holding out against the ravages of time.

Three thick walls covered with vines and moss enclosed the garden. The grounds with their diagonal black lines looked like a gigantic ink blotter. A gentle wind spread the lines from time to time, but they receded again and a mysterious stillness settled there, the sweet and heady stillness of an August night. But the girl remained oblivious.

A sudden gust of wind chilled the girl, and she was about to adjust a shawl around her shoulders when she realized someone must have performed the action for her. She looked up but saw no one. She turned around to the left, but there was no one standing by the bench.

"Do not be alarmed, Joan, but let us take a stroll about the garden. I think you will feel much better then. . . . Come, do not be afraid."

Joan's right arm was clasped by a tall, slim man who refolded her shawl upon her shoulders. His hold was gentle, but there was a steel-like quality to it that told her any resistance would be useless. She could not see the man very



clearly for a thin mist had spread across the moon; yet she was aware of an irresistible attraction to him.

"I know your heart is sad, Joan. I know I cannot comfort you immediately. That would be impossible. But time is kind to wounds, to many wounds. . . . Oh, do not shake your head so furiously. You will see—you will have to see." He led her through the paths of the garden. Suddenly they reached a spot Joan never remembered having seen before. The shrubbery was dry and sparse, as if it had not been watered for a long time; and there were no flowers of any kind. There was a large rock to one side.

"Here we will stop, Joan."

"But why?" she asked, even though there was no expression to her voice.

"I want you to pray, Joan."

"Pray? I know no prayers. I have not prayed since I was a little girl and said, Now I lay me down to sleep."

"You need no words to pray, Joan. Just kneel down and fold your hands, like this," he said putting her hands together.

Then he knelt down himself. He smiled encouragingly at her, as she watched his peaceful face, his face so calm and reposed, some of the grief that had tightened her muscles and clamped her heart began to abate. And the odd part was that she was doing nothing to achieve the peace she was beginning to feel.

Joan looked again at the man, and there was something that reminded her of someone else. It was a very vague sort of recollection. It must have been very long ago, and she could not determine whether he resembled a picture or some actual person. It must have been a picture, for it was his immobility which impressed her. Oh, she wished she

could remember more. But the more she tried to control her memory, the more stubbornly it refused to cooperate. Every time she thought she was reaching the solution, a perverse sort of cloud would creep up and she would have to begin all over again. It was agonizing. She wanted to remember.

Suddenly the man stood up. He seemed ready to leave. She . . .

"Joan, Joan, for heaven's sake, you'll catch your death of cold sitting out here like this. Do be sensible and come into the house. Joan, Joan!"

"Yes, Mother, I hear you. You go along. I'll be in in a few minutes, really I will. . . . I just want to pick a few roses, that's all. After I pick them I'll go straight to bed," Joan said, gently pushing her mother toward the path leading up to the house.

Her mother sighed with relief. Those were the first coherent words her daughter had spoken since that morning when the telegram announcing Bill's death had come. She had been sitting in the garden the whole day. It almost seemed as if she were in a trance.

Joan walked over to where the largest roses were. She must have fallen asleep for a few minutes and had a dream, for it seemed to her as if someone with a low and oddly stirring voice had spoken to her. Then her mother had called her. She had been trying to solve some puzzle, something about a drawing, had it been? Then there had been a strange garden and a rock and . . . Oh, it was no use. She could not remember anything sensible, just queer little fragments.

She noticed that the flowers were either full-blown or tight buds, so she crossed over to the trellis in back of the settee. Yes, here the flowers were just ready to be picked.

As she was about to break a stem her eyes dilated. She drew her hand back swiftly. There was a round object caught on the bush, caught or hung there, she was not certain. She held it in her hands, then, for she knew what it was. It was hard to handle, but how much more difficult was it to wear. Even in this light she could see the hardened drops of blood that lay encrusted on the crown of thorns.

## CREDO

*Mary F. Kelley, '46*

Just three short months together, dear,  
Then War reached out his hungry arms  
And snatched you from me with no qualms,  
Indifferent to my pleading tears.

But Sorrow gives its beauty rare  
To strengthen bonds so newly pledged,  
And miles between us soon are wedged  
By treasured memories we share.

Thus no regrets are mine today  
For happy hours we stole from time;  
Our love so noble and sublime  
Will guide us still, will find a way.



# SNOBBERY DE LUXE

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

BARBARA REID bolted upright in her chair.

"I've got it, Arthur."

"Got what, dear?" patiently inquired her husband from the other side of the breakfast table.

"It's right here in the *Morning Graphic*," Barbara blithely went on, "and me racking my brains for something a little out of the ordinary for the March meeting."

"Something patriotic is in order again, I suppose."

"Well, yes," considered Barbara as she glanced at the clock. "Now I have to run and dress; Committee Meeting at ten thirty."

Half an hour later Barbara faced her Committee. Her modernistic living room in white and yellow leather was as smart as Barbara herself. She was dressed in a trim grey tailleur, her ash blond hair was swirled elegantly about her head.

Rustling the papers before her, Barbara commenced:

"As you know, it has been characteristic of the *Glendale Women's Club* to have something timely or someone distinguished at our meetings. Just this morning, I was reading in the *Graphic* that Mrs. Cutler of the Cutlers of Boston has entertained at dinner a certain Mrs. Guiseppe Ricardo, who has lost four sons in the service of our beloved country. You all know that Anne Cutler entertains only the most exquisite and worthy persons. I think it would be most enlightening to ask Mrs. Ricardo to speak to us about her experiences and feelings. What about it?"

"Seems all right to me," drily commented Louise Patterson, the sharp-faced Vice-President, "and it would be more economical than securing a great artist."

Barbara in order to cover up the crudeness of this remark, hurried on—

"Just think! Such splendid people all around us, and we never hear of them. I understand Mrs. Ricardo lives over in Gardner. Don't you think we might invite her to cocktails and dinner afterwards at your place, Madge? We feel the deepest interest and gratitude to any gold-star mother, but to one who has given four sons . . ."

"I thought of that, too, Barbara," replied plump, little Madge Dickson. "It's a fine idea. And I've another suggestion. I know that it is only in the Fall that we vote in new members, but don't you think we might make an exception in Mrs. Ricardo's case, and make her an—er honorary member?"

"Why I think that might be arranged. Very appropriate, I am sure. In that way we could manage a round of entertainments for her. This community would then know that the Glendale women have the right values in these times. How about the rest of you?" asked Barbara.

The other women nodded enthusiastically.

"Fine!" But we'll leave the question of membership until the next business meeting. We'll need the entire vote on that. Since we are agreed, I'll contact Mrs. Ricardo and ask her to speak just a few words about her boys and their sacrifice."

"I know it's patriotic to admire and respect women like Mrs. Ricardo, but perhaps she would not care to be fêted here and there, and especially to speak of her experiences. It seems to me that such a loss as she has suffered is rather



too personal and much too great to be spoken of before strangers."

All eyes were fastened on Sarah's delicate, somewhat worn face. Had this insignificant little woman dared to question the plans of the chic and elegant Barbara, the essence of perfection?

After a moment's pause, Barbara replied in a faintly superior tone.

"I think you've missed the point, Mrs. Simpson. This is total war, you know, and I am sure that those who have given especially, also feel an urge to indoctrinate others with their ideas. That is why we women citizens of Glendale try to make our programs patriotic."

The other women silently nodded their approval. Sarah bit her lip. But she was silent, too.

Two weeks later, the members of the *Glendale Women's Club* assembled in the stuffy, ornate ball room of the Glendale Hotel. Though the room was somewhat outdated, yet it was the largest and most convenient to be had in Glendale. Stunning in striking black, Barbara rushed about importantly. Finally she and Louise Patterson disappeared to meet the afternoon's guest. A buzz of high-pitched laughter and chatter filled the auditorium. A few minutes went by. Louise reappeared and took her seat. Her features seemed more pinched than ever. Before she could say anything, Barbara walked to the center of the little stage, and, looking strangely ruffled, began her presentation.

"Ladies. This afternoon it is a great privilege for me to present to you a woman who has given of her own flesh and blood to the cause of victory. She is, therefore, in every respect, a most distin . . . But," with a nervous giggle cutting herself short, "Here is Mrs. Guiseppe Ricardo."



Barbara retired quickly. After a moment of audible whispering from back of the stage, a short, dumpy woman in heavy mourning, timidly walked to the footlights. Dead silence filled the hall, as each critical eye gazed in fascinated horror at the dowdy, outmoded black dress of Mrs. Ricardo; shifted upward to look at the plump, swarthy, care-lined face, with its large, soft dark eyes that now seemed ready to fill with tears. After what seemed an eternity, she spoke in what was little more than a whisper at first, but gradually increased in tone so that more and more rows of shocked women could hear her halting, broken English.

"I did not know I would have to talk to you like this, so many, so big. You have a great country, America. It has been hard for us here, but it was so much harder in the old country, when I was young. That is why I should not complain that God has taken four of the little ones to die for America."

The great eyes were tear-filled now, and she went on with difficulty.

"That's what I tell Guiseppe every day. But you know with four boys gone, it is so empty, and the pain is always here."

She pressed her hand to her breast, and quickly left the stage.

Silence. And then a spattering of applause. The women relieved the tension in a clatter of hurried conversation. Off in a corner the Committee gathered around squat, little Mrs. Ricardo. Barbara, again her polished self, smiled charmingly.

"I think your train leaves in half an hour, Mrs. Ricardo. I am sure one of the girls will drive you to the station. It's been so nice to have you with us, but you probably want to

get home to have dinner ready. Mrs. Ricardo has three youngsters at home," she gaily explained to the group.

"Yes. You're so kind."

Louise went with the little, black figure to get her wraps.

"Poor thing! Didn't we say something about making Mrs. Ricardo a special member? She might be gratified," volunteered the gentle Mrs. Simpson.

"Why don't be silly, Sarah. We accept new members in the Fall, by special vote. Any other way would be quite without precedent," Barbara reproved.

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll drive Mrs. Ricardo to the station anyway. Perhaps there'll be time to take a little trip around town. She seems so harried."

After the two had left, the women prepared to go to Madge's dinner party. In the powder room Barbara hummed a tune, as she applied her exquisitely blended lipstick. Louise entered. She leaned on the table and grunted.

"All I can say is Ann Cutler certainly has changed."

Barbara blotted her lips and smiled. It was like Louise to unearth some unpleasant little incident best forgotten.

# INARTICULATE

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

Oh, I have tried to say a thousand times  
Just what your loveliness conveys to me;  
But my attempts remain so many rimes,  
For symbols fail me to compare with thee.  
Nor sapphires, nor blue skies describe your eyes,  
Nor silken mist, nor golden dust your hair;  
Nor could the rarest emerald comprise  
The wealth of you who glorify the fair.  
Yet in my mind are thoughts you cannot know,  
And in my heart is love you cannot feel;  
Your hair, blonde wind, will soothe my weary brow,  
Your eyes reflect the heart I can't reveal.  
My voice stays mute; my pen rusts day by day;  
For there are words the soul alone can say.



## TILL THEN

*Marjorie J. Dickneite, '46*

You're gone! And broken is the joyous spell  
That kept my lonely, roving heart content,  
The wanton willows weep a parting knell  
That echoes in a night bird's sad lament.  
The shaded pool we found quite by surprise  
Is dismal; your voice sounds no longer there;  
The pine pretends a happier disguise,  
But all the night it sighs upon the air.  
Your absence is the winter of my heart  
That stays long after the summer's found the rose,  
So lagging-long the days we are apart,  
And darker-dark each evening shadow grows.  
But your return will herald light and song . . .  
Till then my heart pulse beats—how long, how long?

# SISTER MARIE THERESE SPEAKS

*Florence L. Logue, '46*

What have you done to merit such acclaim?  
Why should you, peasant maid, receive such grace,  
While I who sacrificed my wealth and name  
Have of such wonders never glimpsed a trace?  
My eyes burn like the very fires of hell,  
My bruised, torn body cries aloud for rest,  
O, Bernadette, make me believe—oh tell,  
Tell me why you not I should be so blest!  
“I have done nothing,” came the soft reply,  
“I have not suffered; I am not yet old.”  
But as she lifted her black robes, my eye  
Grew wide in awe—what suffering untold!  
O God, forgive me, free me of this taint  
And let me live to serve Thy chosen saint!

## LOVE ENVISIONED

*Mary H. Ziegler, '45*

This earth seems barren to the loveless heart.  
From eyes unseeing Beauty veils her face,  
The dawn, the starlight bring no rapturous start  
To one who loves them not; no sweet embrace  
Can soothe the soul that turns, self-hardened, blind,  
Away from men and scorns the name of friend.  
Who knows not love is self-condemned to find  
No joy, no order in this world, no end.  
But to the heart that throbs with sympathy  
The world is wondrous, beauty manifest.  
Each sun-ray soft, each star, each lighted eye  
Reveal the truth, the universe, love-blest,  
Love-wrought. The grief man's yearning soul must bear  
Yields to the Love that man was made to share.



# LINKED SWEETNESS

*Joan D. Clarke, '45*

SHAKESPEARE said, "Much Ado about Nothing"; but Max Gordon said "Make It 'Much Ado about Love.'" And so, "A show was born," and subsequently embarked on a maiden voyage to Boston, the city which "tries and tests them." "Much Ado about Love" opened at the Colonial on February the twenty-third. It is a musical, based on the life and loves of Benvenuto Cellini, Florentine sculptor of the sixteenth century. It stars Melville Cooper, well-known stage and screen actor, Lotte Lenya, Earl Wrightson, and Beverly Tyler.

To judge a work justly and correctly, whether it be a painting, a poem, or an apple pie, we must know exactly what we are looking for; whether or not we have a right to look for it—that is, is it of the essence of the object—and lastly, how does it help to complete the whole. In the art of painting, we look for proportion, color, line; in a poem, for exactness of expression, rhythm; in the humble apple pie, we value the consistency of the crust and of the apples.

Now to pass quickly from pies to plays in order to complete the analogy. Broadly speaking, there are two types of plays offered in the American theater of today. They are straight drama, including comedy, tragedy and their ramifications; and the musical, including musical comedy, and revivals of operettas such as "Blossom Time," "The Student Prince," and "The Merry Widow." "Much Ado about Love" is a musical comedy. At any rate, it contains some of both

elements, music and comedy. For the simple reason that both elements do not submerge into one harmonious whole in this production, it is not well-integrated.

Concentration on plot is not important in a musical show. Usually, there is a feeble, unpretentious plot, which is provided for those in the audience who are keen in connecting links at all times. But the main objective is song and dance. For this reason, the plot should never be so complex that the attention of the audience would be diverted from the music. Neither should it be so spasmodic in appearance, that the audience forgets all about it; awakens to the fact that the music has stopped, and some fiery dialogue is being carried on, the substance of which cannot be comprehended.

In "Much Ado about Love" there was extravaganza costuming, unusual orchestration, and multiple funny scenes. But it was slow. The plot concerned Cellini's many escapes from the hangman's noose, owing to the aid of the Duke (Melville Cooper) and the Duchess (Lotte Lenya). Cellini, played adequately by Earl Wrightson, and Angela (Beverly Tyler) his sweetheart, carry on the romantic interest with several charming duets. But this love interest drags when Melville Cooper and his brow-beating spouse are not on the stage. When they are, we forget all about Cellini. Something was definitely lacking in the construction. Probably New York adjusted it. Let us hope so.

To compensate for these faults, however, the show ranked merits in the matter of music. Why these songs have not become popular is a mystery. "There Was Life, There Was Love, There was Laughter," is a delightful number. "Sing Me Not a Ballad," as sung by Lotte Lenya, is amusing and catchy, as is also the song they entitle an *ode*, "Rhyme for Angela." "You Have To Do What You Do Do" is an in-

teresting piece for one studying the theory of Predestination.

With a little tightening up and buckling down, I think "Much Ado about Love" would have evolved into something artistically better.

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Boston has the reputation of being known, in war-time label, as a "good serviceman's town." It has an abundance of USO clubs, Canteens, Open-Houses, and free entertainments of all kinds. These receive much notoriety and publicity. Not so much, however, is known about the Victory Concert. This Concert is sponsored by the Greater Boston USO. It can be heard every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, in the Museum of Fine Arts. Artists of the Celebrity Series, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and other musical organizations donate their services to bring good classical music within the range of G. I. Joe.

During March, a concert was given by Lukas Foss and Jean Bedetti, both of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. These concerts are held, by the way, in the Tapestry Room of the Museum. This Foss-Bedetti Concert was most interesting, from a chronological comparison. Foss is America's youngest composer. He is twenty-two years of age. He is now an accompanist for the Symphony. Many of his compositions have been played by the New York Philharmonic. Jean Bedetti is violoncellist with the Symphony, probably about fifty years of age. The combination was excellent. They worked together with perfect harmony. Art does indeed transcend Age. Their first selection was "Sonata No. Three in A Major" for violoncello and piano, by Beethoven. The Allegro and Scherzo movements exploited a perfect synco-pation and time on the part of the performers. The Adagio movement revealed their great grace and fluency.



Mr. Foss then played a solo Bach selection. His technique is astounding. Following this selection, both musicians played Mr. Foss' own composition, "Duo for Violoncello and Piano." It is an impressionistic number, with a vague, ethereal, elusive theme. In fact, there is very little theme at all. It is strictly modern and of the new "convention." The concert closed with "Rondo for Violoncello" by Weber.

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Another musical mecca on Sunday afternoons is the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. Here every Sunday and during the week also concerts are given both by well-known and less well-known artists. On March the twenty-fifth, Leo Smit, a rising young pianist, gave a recital. He made his debut in nineteen thirty-nine in Carnegie Hall. He has since risen to the front ranks of the younger generation of American pianists.

Part One of his concert consisted of "Prelude and Fugue in F. Minor" by Mendelssohn; "Dumka" by Tchaikovsky; and the "Sonata, E. Minor" by Haydn. This difficult sonata was played with ease, brilliancy, and skill.

In Part Two, Mr. Smit offered Two Preludes, one in G. Sharp Minor, and one in C Minor by Rachmaninoff. The plaintiveness and power of the Russian spirit were interpreted with undeniable accuracy. The concert concluded with "The Lover and the Nightingale" by Granados, a stirring Spanish selection, and a wonderful, mysterious, surprising Debussy number, "L'Isle Joyeuse." Of more substance than many of the ethereal Debussy compositions, "L'Isle Joyeuse" gave the concert a provocative and interesting conclusion.

During April, concerts were given at the Gardner Museum by the Zimmler String Quartet with Lukas Foss, Sari Biro, the Gordon String Quartet. At the Museum of Fine

Arts, the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society performed during the Spring season; also the Metropolitan artists, Frances Greer and Francesco Valentino were heard there.

The worthy performances of the Emmanuel Musical Society merit praise. This year, they gave two concerts: one in the Fall, and one in April. As always, and especially during the last year the musical offerings showed marked skill and delicate artistry. The range from Tchaikovsky to the ever-dear, ever-human Irish lyrics showed care, precision, fine technique, and true interpretation. This is true musical co-ordination. This invaluable spirit seems now to be their own.

Even a casual reading of these articles, *Linkèd Sweetness* will indicate that there is a plethora of musical opportunities here in Boston. Art holds open house during its musical season. Let us all enter.

## EDITORIALS

### THE EVERLASTING I:

The outstanding mark of an egocentric civilization is dissatisfaction: not the poet's "divine discontent," evidence of man's inability to grasp and express his ideal, nor the Apostle's mortal yearning, proof of his immortal destiny, but a crabbed self-pity which makes man's soul the victim of his selfishness. Man's "heart is restless until it rest in Thee." So it must always be. But the unhealthy malaise of modern thought is not a trial to be borne but a temptation to be vanquished.

Paradoxically enough, in a period in which a world cataclysm engulfs the material progress of years, and almost universal suffering supplants personal security, many are learning a lesson which the years of plenty failed to teach: the lesson of service.

Carlyle had grasped a half-truth when he placed man's *summum bonum* in work. By its very time-demanding exigency, labor shifts the preoccupation from self, and appropriates energies hitherto devoted to fruitless introspection. But the satisfaction varies in direct proportion to the need to which the labored cause responds. Carlyle would have struck nearer the mark had he qualified his message, and supplanted his "Produce! Produce!" with "Serve!"

We do not condemn all introspection, nor promote the drowning of external interests. "Know Thyself" is the salutary precept of the philosopher. But there is a distinction between knowing and coddling, between the essential and the petty. We would further amend Carlyle's modification:



“Know what thou canst work out” to read, “Know whom thou canst serve.” Christo-centric service of neighbor is the root of happiness.

M. H. Z., '45

#### INVITATION:

One of the Church's most beautiful devotions, the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, has been made available to the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Boston. The enthusiastic interest of the laity indicates a zealous religious spirit in this section.

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was introduced in the Church in the thirteenth century, and became general 200 years later with the institution of the Forty Hours. The primary motives for this veneration have ever been reparation for abuses, presentation of petitions, and offering of thanksgiving for favors received.

In 1882 there was organized at Rome “The Perpetual Adoration of Catholic Nations represented in the Eternal City.” Our country participates in offering a daily reparation. Now we are indebted to our Most Reverend Archbishop and the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary for providing a Shrine of Perpetual Adoration in our locality, at St. Clement's Church, Back Bay.

Generous Catholics may become Knights or Ladies of the Blessed Sacrament by volunteering to watch one hour a month at the Shrine. Such a splendid devotion should ever receive a lively response. But now, in time of sin and sorrow,

when we no less than any other nation have cause for reparation, need of divine assistance, and reason for thanksgiving, this devotion is particularly appropriate.

M. J. O'K., '45

#### GRACE OF THE WAY:

Time does not stand still (except, perhaps, in the lyrics of a popular song), but neither is it racing any faster than usual, even if it does give that illusion. Yet while we are all engaged in keeping up with a purely arbitrary tempo, there are numberless little grace notes in life which must necessarily be omitted in 12/8 time. Recently a group of college girls, meeting an important personality were captivated by her graciousness. We can admire accomplishments, but a consideration that is born of thoughtfulness of others inspires something greater than admiration. And it is a grace that is escaping nowadays when acceleration is the rule everywhere from academic life to the assembly line. But we can always take time to be gracious. Grace of character we can all achieve. We are rarely deliberately unkind, or ungracious—we are just in too great a hurry, and most often the situation can be fitted to the G. I.'s apt phrase, "Hurry up and wait!" A little thoughtfulness can go a long way in adding to the happiness of others, thereby unconsciously enriching our lives, gracing our personality, so that

The best portion of a good man's life,  
His little nameless, unremembered acts.  
Of kindness and of love,

is again realized.

M. J. R., '45

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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## *Variety:*

Have you ever yearned to read a book, see a play, or hear a radio *drabma* in which:

The rich and handsome hero meets the attractive but poor and honest working girl. He thinks she's an awful dope and marries a charming lady of his own set?

A steadfast lover has a misunderstanding with his lady love who accuses him wrongly. He tells her to go fly a kite?

The mortgage is hanging over the old homestead and the time expires in two days. If the family doesn't scrape a little cash together Mamie the beautiful daughter will be forced to marry Kindling J. Krackleheart, who holds the whip over them. Nobody does anything about it and Mamie and Kindling live happily ever after?

Anemic Verimutch, a delicate-physiqued bank teller, yearns to do something brave to win the respect of the people who now sneer and jest at his spindly frame. One day the bank is robbed. Anemic cowers like the rest and the remainder of his life never again harbors courageous intentions?



Lazarus Stuckbucks is a parsimonious old fiend who hates everyone. Finally, a little golden haired waif is left on his doorstep. He takes her in—for one week. She works her childish wiles on him and he sends her off to an orphan asylum, thoroughly resolved in his people-hating. He leaves all his millions to a house for uncared-for cats?

\* \* \*

### *Sleepy Time Gal:*

Unless you be sprung from a brood of automatons, or well-fortified by a supply of Vitamin pills, you are like the rest of us, consumed with a vacuum in the cerebral region, a weighted step, and drooping eyelids. Be not hopeful that we are proffering any remedial measures—no, we are simply making a survey, previous to whipping up a tome on the exhaustion subsequent upon nine months of keeping our noses to the stone (we being the grinds), slaving away in the grist mill, and idling at the Peirian Spring. Even working on the railroad for three months will hardly find us so run-through-the-wringer as does this month of June with school behind us, weddings before us, and Summer within us.

\* \* \*

### *Summer's Promise:*

Except for the aesthetes, or plutocrats who will spend their summer drinking in the beauties of nature, the rest of us are expected to don our armor and face the wolf at the door. (*Not* the one who took you to the Junior Prom, the grey one with the dripping fangs and the empty look about the stomach). The old, dependable weapons for battling with the brute, viz, selling, waitressing, clerical work present no great problem. But what of us who are not temperamentally attuned to such tedious drudgery? Would anyone be interested in contributing to a subsidy for the establishment of a fund to be used for "Deserving Students Psychologically Incapable of Toiling with the Motley Crew"? Don't get eager, friends, this was *my* idea, so I shall take the first returns (Yawn, yawn). While you lounge around Bahston eating your hearts out, I'll be thinking of you from the terrace of the Lake George Hotel. Tally-ho!

### *Graduation:*

Being faced with the future has a subsequent breathtaking and appalling demandingness upon it. What unexploited field are you bursting forth into, Tovarich? What practically unexplored vale of promise are you carrying your eager talents into, Comrade? To what shining vistas of fame do you sally forth, Sister Graduate? Lest you be unaware, my friend, there are less than three short weeks prior to graduation. Graduation, that ceremony whereby we collectively put behind us our outre vogue spasms, our swooning spells, our cokes and nine-five classes, our gowns that hid a multitude of sins, and cut rate cafeteria prices. Graduation, when the family gets the first tangible evidence of their hard-earned money easy-spent. Graduation, the occasion when even the flintiest soul is entitled to a tear or two. Graduation, when we muster together every shred of dignity of which we are capable. Speaking of shreds, how did your black stockings hold out?

\*       \*       \*

### *Swan Song:*

Whether or not you'll see us as Regional Manager of United Airlines, or Editor-in-Chief of the New York *Times* remains to be seen. However, to leave without making mention of an adieu, is to be unthought of. That the year, in fact our whole four years, could have scorched by so quickly is beyond understanding, but it has and we surrender our privileges and pleasures to the next in line. We wish you all the luck there is.

## CURRENT BOOKS

*The Green Years.* By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1944. 347 pages.

For those who suffered and survived the joys and disappointments of young Doctor Manson, who experienced and understood the aspirations and weaknesses of the human Father Chisholm, A. J. Cronin offers another sympathetic portrayal of a strong personality struggling to overcome the exterior and interior obstacles in daily living. In *The Green Years* Dr. Cronin's psychological study deals with the formative period in the life of Robert Shannon, and proposes "to reveal him truthfully, to expose him in all his dreams, strivings and follies, with as dispassionate, as merciless, a blade as that with which he dissected poor *Rana temporaria*, the frog."

His story is an understanding analysis of the green years of Robert Shannon, an orphaned lad of Irish-Scottish parents, who is forced to make his home with a strange assortment of dour Scotch relatives (his maternal grandparents and their families) in the conventional town of Levenford. Here, the seven-year old youngster experiences an entirely different environment from the happy life he had known in Ireland. His name, his clothes, his religion, his very appearance in school or on the street subject him to the cruel taunts of childish tormentors or the unfeeling scrutiny of narrow townspeople. These seemingly overwhelming odds might have vanquished the ordinary youth, but Robert Shannon was of "sterner stuff." Encouraged and guided by his staunch friendship with Gavin Blair, his boyish admiration for Jason Reid and his inspiring love for Alison Keith, Robert surmounts the obstacle of popular prejudice and nears his longed-for goal, the study of medicine. Although crushing disappointment and bitter resentment follow, these in turn give way to sincere gratitude when a belated surprise from Grandpa Gow makes possible the realization of his dream.

With astute penetration and keen psychology Dr. Cronin has probed deeply and has depicted graphically the reactions and impressions of the sensitive boy. In addition, he has drawn many vivid minor characters:



well-meaning but weak Gadger Gow, Bible-reading Grandma who has an unforgettable encounter with Satan, the affectionate Antonnelli family, unconventional Jason Reid, and lovely, practical Alison Keith. In picturing these Dr. Cronin succeeds not only in presenting each as a distinct character, but also in skillfully showing the influence each exercised on young Shannon.

This book, written in the first person, moves rapidly and easily over a span of about thirteen years. For the most part, Dr. Cronin's presentation of character and incident is natural, clear, and convincing. There are, however, a few incongruities. The exaggerated scene where masses and novenas are said, where public penance is demanded and where the good Sisters keep a vigil for the recovery of a mere monkey is absurd, because it borders on superstition and makes light of sacred things. Then too, Robert's final reconciliation with God, although it is touchingly related, seems an emotional, sentimental reaction without rational motivation and without promise of future fulfillment.

Except for these inconsistencies, *The Green Years* affords entertaining memoirs for those anxious to relive their own trials and successes, and encouraging inspiration for those eager to forge ahead.

Florence L. Logue, '46

*Earth And High Heaven.* By Gwethalyn Graham. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1944. 288 pages.

There is a great deal of talk about racial discrimination of late. Commentators comment, writers write, and the man on the subway harangues his fellow strap-hanger. But does anyone get anywhere talking in universal terms? There are cases and cases; and a panacea for all racial problems will be found, only when utopian thinkers realize that vague generalities can never appease the agitation growing in America today.

Look at the novel and see that this is so. In our contemporary fiction, good and bad, there is reflected most advantageously (because it is unconscious in many cases) the main undercurrents of American thought. In *Earth And High Heaven*, we have the attempted amelioration of difficulties in a Jewish-Gentile romance.

Erica Drake, young and attractive Montreal socialite, and Marc Reiser, a rising young Jewish lawyer, fall completely and helplessly in love. Thereupon is created a problem of tremendous import. What to do? Marry and be forced to flee from the scathing glances of snobbish society? Give up their love and forget, or try to forget, that they had ever met? Or, impossible as it seemed, attempt to reconcile their world to the righteousness of *their* right to marry.

Here is a novel that probes and pries, and sweeps clean with a new broom, the darkened, undusted corners of our Jewish-Gentile problem. It is brought out into the sunlight, and exposed to a rational discussion. We feel Marc's sense of futility, which up to the time he met Erica had commenced to deaden his hope in the field of social reform. "I can't change anything," he said. Why? Because he was a Jew. And he thought of her life with him; how, in many places, Erica would be no longer welcome, "unless she goes without me and carefully explains that although her name is Reiser, she herself isn't Jewish." This is a frank book. If you are squeamish about getting down to cases, don't read it. It follows a line of inductive reasoning and in this light it is very convincing, for there are many similar cases.

Besides these psychological twists, there are other obstacles to the marriage. Prime among them is the stubborn opposition, obviously justified, of Charles, Erica's father. He loves Erica. He wants her to be happy. He believes that, deprived of friends, station in life, and family, Erica can never be happy. Therefore, in all conscience, he is doing what he believes to be right. Marc is barred from the house, and Erica alienated from her parents because of him.

The tension of the plot is built up on these lines. The author draws it tighter and tighter, until we think that in such an unfortunate situation, there can be no way out. But one day, David, Marc's brother, calls for Erica at her home, and topples the prejudice of adamant Mr. Drake.

Whether or not one agrees wholeheartedly with the conclusion of the author is not the question. It is *a* case, and *a* decision worked out with logic and insight. Gwethalyn Graham's handling of the subject is sincere, honest. Thought-provoking novels such as *Earth And High Heaven* can do as much, if not more, towards a better understanding of the Christian-Jewish problem, than bales of empty journalistic phrases.

Joan D. Clarke, '45

*Cluny Brown.* By Margery Sharp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1944. 270 pages.

Margery Sharp shadows under a light, slight novel what may be interpreted as a prophecy of the breakdown of English class society after the war. The unconsciously unconventional Cluny does her share to inaugurate the change.

Perhaps it is for the good of social stability that there are but few Cluny Browns. Her individuality is her greatest appeal. She is delightfully different, romantically unreal. Her adventures are amazing because of her unique faculty for making phenomenon out of the commonplace.

The employment of a tall parlor maid should not be expected to affect materially the lives of a titled English couple, their son, his beautiful fiancée, and their house guest, an exiled Polish writer; but that is underestimating the talents of Cluny Brown. For her, class barriers are simply non-existent. Her adventures become involuntarily theirs.

We need not admire her in all things, but Cluny's affectionate nature and volatile spirits are attractive. "Had she been drowning, she would have come up not three times, but nine."

This slim book is filled with a variety of characters, for the most part convincingly, if sketchily, drawn. We accept Cluny for what she is, and expect no more from her than the unexpected. But I feel that it is over-taxing credulity to force upon the readers the transformation of Betty Cream.

*Cluny Brown* is a human, entertaining story, written in a smooth, slow-paced, quietly humorous style. Although the war forms a part of the background, the characters stand almost entirely aloof from it. Consequently, the novel is a refreshing variation on a well-worn theme.

Mary J. O'Keefe, '45

*Blessed Are The Meek.* By Zofia Kossak. New York: Roy Publishers, 1944. 375 pages.

The thirteenth century, with its waning Feudalism, its slackening Christianity, and its code of courtly love, saw the tide of its seething unrest stemmed by the rise of the Friars Minor. To a Christendom still



zealous for the external glory of the Church, but long indifferent to her precepts of personal sanctity, Francis, "the little grey man of Assisi," brought once more the paradoxically joyous tidings of poverty and humility.

Intending *Blessed Are The Meek* not as a biography but as a "novel about St. Francis of Assisi," Zofia Kossak has allowed herself considerable freedom. Its historical consistency substantiated by the inclusion of the details and personages actually connected with the founding of the Order, the Children's Crusade, and the resultant Fifth Crusade, the novel portrays the influence of Francis not merely upon the Church as a whole, but upon individuals typical of the era.

This influence is the unifying element of the book, weaving together its seemingly independent and disconnected threads: the efforts of Francis, and the illicit love of Jean de Brienne and Blanche de Champagne.

Summoned to Jerusalem by her newly crowned and wedded lover, responsible directly for his neglect of wife and duty, and thus indirectly for the failure of the Fifth Crusade, Blanche represents the passing of an old order, an order which placed love above all law. Never face to face with Francis, she feels herself conquered, her desires thwarted by the sweep of the truth for which he stands; her rebellion cannot stave off the awakening of Jean de Brienne.

In the characterization of Francis lies the charm and strength of the book. Childlike in his joyous simplicity, he confounds the gravity of worldly wisdom, and gathers about him in an ever-increasing band the "Knights of Holy Poverty." At his behest the cardinals reduce the splendor of their equipages; under his guidance the crusading troops curtail their excesses; for his sake alone the Sultan al-Kamil frees the Nile-trapped European prisoners.

With delicacy and understanding Mme. Kossak portrays Francis's tender relationship with the Brethren, his intense admiration of the new-canonized Sister Clara, his sorrow at the Order's abandonment of strict poverty during his absence. It is a fault in coordination that the story of Jean de Brienne long usurps the main interest.

Translated by Rulka Langer, the novel is vigorous yet restrained in style. Its painstaking detail brings out the contrast between eastern and western civilizations; its straightforward conviction emphasizes the ultimate victory of humility and truth over pride and hypocrisy.

True in theme, in tone, and in incident, to the spirit of St. Francis, the novel maintains that humility is the seed of greatness, that pride-engendered might cannot prevail, that the meek shall possess the land.

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

*From A Morning Prayer.* By John Mathias Haffert. New York: Scapular Press, 1943. xiii-151 pages.

Do you want to know the story behind the man who has captivated audiences from Boston to Los Angeles and whose lecture schedule is swamped with requests from every section of the United States? Are you curious about a dynamic lecturer whose appeal is not alone to the faithful patron of the fading pastime of lectures but to seminarians, Redemptorists, Carmelites, college girls, and the complacent average American? Do you want to know why he joyously took simple vows in the quiet holiness of a Carmelite Seminary and why he is now happily married and living on the East side of mad Manhattan? Have you devotion to Mary?

In a slim volume John Mathias Haffert has exposed his soul to the spiritual reader, the skeptic, and the man in the street. The form of the autobiography was reluctantly chosen after he had thought for about five years of a method of presenting his message without reference to names or places. Haffert finally decided to sacrifice his personal feelings rather than let his message wait until "a generation of Catholics will have missed it."

While studying for the priesthood in a Carmelite Seminary, Haffert seeks the friendship of a pious and learned lay-brother. This pious lay-brother, though he disappears to a foreign Mission field after a few chapters, is the source of all the action of the book. It is through a vision of this Brother that Haffert is given the call to the Scapular Apostolate, "to lead men to Jesus, through Mary without words," and it is through the decision of his Carmelite Superior that Haffert realizes his Apostolate will be a lay Apostolate. After eight years of seminary training, his subsequent rehabilitation is fraught with suffering, and disappointment. The publication of *Mary in Her Scapular Promise* marks a milestone in this novitiate for his new vocation. With the aid of

Carmel the miracle of the Scapular Militia is accomplished and our story ends in the thriving office in 338 East 29 street, New York, where we find the nucleus for a National movement to unite all under Mary's Badge, the Scapular.

The style of the book is simple and sincere and it makes no attempt to be a literary gem. It is flashingly dramatic in its incidents which follow so rapidly that there is no time for detailed description. We should like to know more about the lay-brother and other characters, but that is because we like to dissect our characters and it is not Haffert's purpose to use the microscope on his friends but only on his own soul insofar as he can advance his message. It is startling in its spiritual frankness and will undoubtedly draw you closer to Mary.

*Eleanor J. Doherty, '45*

*God Is My Co-Pilot.* By Col. Robert L. Scott. Garden City: Blue Ribbon Books, 1944, 277 pages.

As men have had great love for the sea, from boyhood, so men have had love of the air. Col. Robert L. Scott is one of these. In his book *God Is My Co-Pilot* he paints in verbal tints the challenge of ethereal waves and his conquest of them.

From an early age, Robert Scott felt the magnetic force of flying. When he was twelve, not being able to resist this force, with a glider of canvas he ran down a slanted roof and flew. But this first flight was short-lived and he crashed to the ground. This crack-up and similar experiences served as a stimulus and not many years later he purchased a plane at an auction. With the aid of a street-car conductor, from whom he received flying instructions, the Jenny was assembled and Robert Scott soloed. He received his commission from West Point and after various vicissitudes, he was on the road to air conquest.

An impulsive nature and indomitable will brought him through "84,000 Miles of Girl-Trouble," through the tragedies and humor of "When Death Flew the Mails," and ultimately, after the outburst of war, to his "Dream Mission." Despite his passionate desire to be a fighter pilot, he was to experience disappointment, hope, and fury from Burma to China. Eventually, he knew the sensation of taking off in a Kitty-



hawk; watching tracer bullets pierce the fuselage of Zeros; seeing friend and foe rolling, spinning, crashing; of climbing, diving, fighting and killing.

Col. Robert Scott, through the relation of incidents and escapades, gives exalted praise of heroes such as Tex Hill, Col. Haynes, and Gen. Chennault. After reading his work, one is awed at the achievements of the Ferry Command and the A.V.G. who accomplished so much with so little.

Scott is sending out an SOS for a more concerted effort in aiding China; he demonstrates the success of a limited force but stresses the necessity for a more active American participation in that particular sector of the war against Japan. After reading of his daring adventures and his duels with death, one knows that he was not alone at the controls but that "God was his Co-Pilot."

The ability to tell his story is a gift and Col. Robert Scott in his vivid, whimsical manner is so gifted. His trite literary style is overshadowed by the vitality, humor, and directness of his narration. He is a soldier in his actions, attitudes, and ideals.

*Adelaide M. Feliciano, '45*

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# HANDS ACROSS THE CENTURIES

*Marjorie J. Dickneite, '46*

**D**ISSATISFACTION with things as they are has led men to the search for an ideal Shangri-La, or a Utopia. My experience in a particular section of our country, removed from us by a few hours traveling time, brought before me a concretization of an ideal.

This community in south-western Missouri, though small, is enveloped in an aura of old-fashioned simplicity. To live in this section is, at times, to transport oneself into the world of seven centuries ago. The town rests comfortably, guarded by protecting mountains, symbolic of the lasting faith and traditions of the inhabitants. Wagon tracks still impress the hard packed roads, the general store has remained general, real sleigh bells announce the arrival of winter with its promise of long, family-shared evenings. The official duties of the town are vested in one person, the church is the center of social and spiritual activity. Since crime is non-existent here, there are no policemen, no law-courts. A so-called sheriff embodies the idea of law and order.

The people of this town have retained a natural simplicity in the enjoyment of living as a family-community with a true air of friendship. Although the town boasts of five hundred citizens, yet the families are sparsely scattered, neighbors constituting anyone living three miles away.

To share is of first importance to all, whether it consists of dividing produce or lending a fiddler at the infrequent dances. They know that in unity there is strength; doubled, when the people are all commonly united to God, realizing

His Will through its application in daily existence. At the slightest hint the community gathers in combined effort to see a task through. Homes are built by everyone's help, fields are harvested, produce is preserved, all with the same united effort. They work hard, and realize the true satisfaction of enjoyment at the end of a day well used.

The Sunday Mass draws the families together for the weekly spiritual and social gathering. Of necessity, the remote families leave at twelve o'clock Saturday night, wrapped in blankets, hot bricks at their feet, to arrive in time for Mass Sunday morning. Everyone receives Holy Communion weekly, so the long journey is taken fasting. Mothers, clad in black shawls, side-extended bonnets, precede the groups into the church. The benches are shiny with use, worn into grooves by constant kneeling. The good Father, confidant of every adult, disciplinarian of the children, knows his congregation intimately. Were a child bold enough to divert his attention from the altar during Mass, the good Father, catching him, calls the culprit by name, and reprimands him sharply. Neither would the punishment end there, but be continued in the sturdy woodshed where good manners are emphatically impressed.

When Mass is over, the people assemble at the home of the general-store owner, for it is understood that in return for their trade he must provide them with Sunday breakfast, substantial enough to withstand the cold, long trip home. They enter the warm kitchen, laughingly thawing out frozen hands and feet. Hot, fresh bread is taken from the old-fashioned ovens, huge platters heaped with ham and eggs, large cups of strong coffee grace the hospitable board.

Holidays are lovingly and longingly anticipated. Christmas is the delight of all. A week before this festival, the



young people engage in a Christmas ritual. Dressed in traditional costumes, they crowd into sleighs, stopping at each home where there are young children. One of the characters depicts the devil; with horns, pitchfork, chains. Another, represents St. Nicholas; a third, the Guardian Angel. The actors awaken the now-frightened children to hear from them their Christmas hopes. With a great brandishing of pitchfork and rattling of chains, the devil inquires about the misdeeds of the little ones. The Guardian Angel, the protector, tries to outscore the devil by emphasizing the good acts of the children. St. Nicholas stands aloof, weighing the good evidence against the bad. While he ponders slowly, the pajama-clad children, trembling more with anxiety than with cold, await his decision. Before the masqueraders depart, the mothers pack for them baskets of canned delicacies, sugary hams, apples dug from the deep-earth cellars. These baskets are carried away and left on the doorsteps of the less fortunate in worldly goods.

On Christmas morning before the hint of dawn has touched the sky, children and adults, in procession form the march to the church. They carry baskets of prize produce for the priest. Improvised torches light the way, hymns echo clear on the cold morning air. The church is transformed for the holiday, children dressed as angels are grouped about. The town's most beautifully virtuous young woman, acts the Madonna realistically, holding the baby tenderly, while cattle rustle about the stall. The Wise Men enter with such authenticity that the audience is spellbound. The aroma of incense mingles with the odor of genuine straw and of the live animals in this reproduced stable. The setting of the representation of the Birth of our Lord is so realistic that it becomes difficult to believe that we are not at a two-thousand-

years-ago Bethlehem. As the Mass proceeds, those selected from the congregation to be actors, quietly arrange themselves. Then, during the time when the sermon would have been given, the priest assumes the role of an actor, and the drama unfolds. The clear voices of the children are angelic, leading the Wise Men to the Manger. There, before the eyes of the congregation is St. Luke's narrative of the Christmas story of Love Incarnate. At the close of this soul-stirring performance, Holy Mass goes on to its conclusion.

The commandment of the Church which obliges the faithful to contribute to the support of the Pastor is here fulfilled by an age-old method. The Pastor receives his Christmas donations in barter rather than in money, for trading is their commonest way of exchange. If the crops have failed, the men give freely of their time, chopping wood for the church fires, or making repairs on the edifice. No laws of an economic nature bind these people, for there is no need. No law is stronger than man's love one for the other in Christ.

On each holy day, the people, to show that "whether they eat or drink . . ." they do all for the glory of God, bring portions of the food which constitute their festival feasts, to the priest for his blessing. Tucked neatly in baskets, these tidbits are gleefully carried to the church by the children.

Prefacing the Lenten season, the people enjoy Mardi-Gras. In costume, they dance in the streets. Every home is thrown open to hospitality. But when the bells ring at twelve midnight, the town settles solemnly into the season of Lent. No one is too young or too old to fulfill the Liturgical requirements in their stark austerity. Processions from one



end of the town, gather everyone in to make the Way of the Cross. The little church is never without worshipers.

Another custom in the family circle, is that of evening prayer. Every evening after the meal has ended, the host begins the rosary, followed by the litany. No adult or child is excused from this hour of prayer.

When the early spring flowers and fruit trees first scent the air, Easter is prepared for. The children race with new vigor to the general store, seeking the gaudy packing from the large cases. To the children, this brilliant display represents something of greatest value. With the colored paper once in their possession, they begin to make and re-make the nests for the Easter-rabbit to visit. With this accomplished in anticipation of the event, the children live in nervous good behavior, for they know that the Rabbit sees all, knows all, and would never visit a mischievous child.

The night before Easter, the children carry their nests to the church garden, and there, in the midst of the tulip and crocus beds, they select the spot they consider most beautiful in which to place them. A scamper home, an early good-night, and the children are off to bed to dream of the wondrous morning. Then the adults, who realize rabbits don't lay eggs, congregate for the artistic work of coloring hard-boiled eggs. With minute paint-brushes, little pots of brilliant hues, each one tries to rival the other in design and effect. Each nest is filled with an equal share of candy chickens, gum drops, eggs. The paths are ribboned off with pastel silks, which harmonize with the flowers. At the end of the festival, these ribbons are pounced upon by the little ones for their pigtails or curls.

The Mass, in all its glory prefaces the egg-hunt. Surreptitiously the children steal glances through the windows,



half afraid that they might catch the rabbit in last minute hurrying, though they know that the rabbit is never seen. The tiny church swells with the joy of Easter-tide. The children, dressed as angels stand amid the sanctuary flowers to sing the Easter hymns. After Mass they file decorously from the church. Once outside, they are on the tip-toe of eager expectancy. Fearful lest the bunny has overlooked some nest, they rush to find their own, ecstatic at the overflowing delicacies. Then, on the steps of the church, the children are allowed to feast on the goodies for breakfast.

In May, the month of Our Lady, the people show their devotion to her by a simple pageant. The men build tabernacles at various spots around the town. The children, carrying the early spring flowers of the fields, make a pilgrimage from one shrine to the other, leaving their flowers. A frame of singing children and flowered shrines encloses the peaceful town.

With all their mediaeval customs, the town is far removed from the antiquated. Lives of generations have been spent in this community. With their own hands the people have built their homes, their church, their schools. The population boasts of college educations in abundance. But, with all that education can provide, and despite the call made to travel during the war, the people always return, for they find here the proper balance between mind and soul.

From Middle Europe in the glorious Ages of Faith to a tucked away town in Missouri is a long sweep of time and space. Yet the Catholic-hearted living of both peoples is identical. The Liturgical plays of Germany, France, Italy during the Middle Ages are here under our United States skies played each year true to their original presentations. Scholars have traced the influence of these Liturgical plays

in the Coventry and Townley cycles, once-famed in England. The Reformation ended in the main these realistic dramas of love and life. It is surprising and consoling to find them still thriving in the hearts, minds, and performance of the good people of Meta and St. Elizabeth.

## STORM AT SEA

*Barbara A. Dewey, '46*

Greater than I, you wind and sea  
That sword-like slash this silver steel,  
And spin, like tops, the toy-frail men  
Who tinnily shriek their vain appeal.

Greater than you, oh wind and sea,  
Am I who scorn your death-ripe rod.  
Come! Nor cower nor cringe shall I  
For I'll be holding hands with God.

## AFTER WINTER

*Barbara A. Dewey, '46*

THEY'D been married fifteen years and not once during that entire time had he told her he loved her. He wasn't like other men—she knew that, from the moment she first saw his grave, brown face studying the earth, his earth.

It was inconceivable that one could live with him and remain happy; for there was in him a quality of unknowableness, of strangeness and silence which forbade any outward display of affection. Yet, it was this very strangeness and silence which first attracted and fascinated Anne.

Remembrance of that day more than fifteen years ago flitted poignantly across her mind. She had just arrived in Middleton after a grueling two-day journey on the train. She was tired and dirty. Her only bag, not a little battered and worn, weighed heavily on her arm. Wearily she scanned the station for some sign of welcome, but there was none. She was sure Uncle Jim had said in the letter that he'd meet her at the train. Oh, well, what right had she to complain about a little thing like that. She was lucky to be going to his home, even if she had to crawl. After all, if it weren't for Uncle Jim where would she be? With everyone gone and no money. A queer, sickish feeling sent waves through her stomach and she had the strange but not unnatural sensation that the world begrudged her even existence.

Stopping long enough to wipe her forehead with an incredibly white handkerchief, adjust her hat to a slightly saucy angle, and lift her chin proudly into the air, she



stepped from the platform into the dusty road and started toward Middleton.

It was not long before the brisk steps became slightly less brisk and the protruding chin a bit lowered. The hat that was chic now looked ludicrous; and her dress once crisp and immaculate was damp and soiled.

Suddenly and unbelievably, she caught sight of a large, square house surrounded by acres of beautifully-tendered land. Instinctively she hastened her step and, nearing the gate, noticed the giant-like figure of a young man apparently idling about the grounds. He did not see her approach because his eyes were intent upon the study of the land.

"I beg your pardon," Anne began, quite ready to be her sweetest. Though startled, the man turned slowly and showed her a grave, brown face, dusty and damp so that she knew instantly he had been working long and hard.

"I wonder if you could tell me where Jim Stoughton's house is?"

Regarding her solemnly, he replied, "Up the road, 'bout a mile."

The thought that he might offer her a glass of water flashed across Anne's mind, and she would gladly have prolonged the conversation for that purpose had she not realized instinctively that there was something in him which admitted of no such familiarity.

She turned and brushed a weary hand across her face. The gate gave a groan as it swung shut.

"Wait." His tone was more commanding than kind. Without another word he disappeared around the corner of the house and returned within a few seconds sitting behind the wheel of an old-fashioned, flat-topped Ford. Looking

straight ahead he flung open the rear door and motioned her to climb in.

Lying in bed that night Anne reflected on the stranger and wondered about his silence. Unable to decide whether he was excitingly different, coldly proud, or just plain stupid, she rolled over onto her right side, gave the peeping stars a friendly wink, and slipped into the soft hollows of her cool, white pillow.

\* \* \*

Impatiently Anne threw her sewing aside and walked to the window. How ridiculous to be thinking of those things now . . . after fifteen years. She wished she'd stop. Funny, she'd been doing that a lot lately. Oh, this headache . . . that little hammer, inside . . . thump . . . thump. To forget the pain she allowed her thoughts to wander again. . . .

\* \* \*

After he had called on her three times and they had walked slowly and quietly through the night darkness, she talking, he listening, Anne decided three important things: first, that he was neither stupid nor proud; second, that he was different; third, that she was going to marry him.

And when, two nights later, he proposed, she again made a resolution, this time vowing with all her heart to uproot the awful silence of his soul and banish irrevocably the barrier to open and understanding love.

To some degree she succeeded. For the first few years of married life there was happiness, genuine but not complete. He talked more and smiled often, but seldom showed her any measure of voluntary affection. The succeeding years saw her success dwindle, until finally there was nothing but civility. With a sense of shame at her inability to keep his love and self-reproach for the vain over-estimation of

her charm, Anne came to the full realization that she had lost and he had won. He was still the stranger she had met fifteen years ago.

Over and above all this burned the horrible, agonizing thought that perhaps he had never loved her. Perhaps she imagined it all. Perhaps the reason he hadn't kissed her or spoken to her tenderly for many years was not an innate reserve or abhorrence of display, but pure human repugnance and distaste for her.

Like gangrene the thought moved in. These many years past doubt and uncertainty had played havoc with her heart.

\* \* \*

The kettle peeped a shrill cry and Anne turned quickly from the window. Deftly, she moved about the wide kitchen putting the finishing touches on the evening meal. With a tender thrill of satisfaction she took the biscuits from the oven . . . a brownish-gold . . . the color of desert sand . . . just the way he likes them. Not that he ever said so but she could tell from the way he put two on his plate at a time and ate each with one great bite.

Poignantly thoughtful in childlike anticipation she failed to hear the shuffle of approaching footsteps as they plodded up the dusty walk, carelessly kicking a million tiny sand beads into the air.

The kitchen door was flung open and Anne turned to see the huge, hulking body of her husband fill the entrance.

"Hello, John," she greeted.

"Hello," he returned.

"Supper's all ready. Don't be long washing up."

He said nothing but walked over to the grey kitchen sink and put his strong, slender hands, brown with the brown of his earth, beneath the running faucet. Anne couldn't help



but notice as he brushed back his hair, how thick and healthy, and black it was.

When finally John was ready they sat down together. During the meal he was preoccupied solely with eating; she, with a million little thoughts. Does he like the biscuits? Can he see that I don't feel well? Will he care for the shirt I'm making for his birthday? Then when these gave out she thought about the time he put over the big deal with Mr. Moss and made a little money; and when he wouldn't buy her a new dress for Jamie's wedding because Jamie was no good; and when he heard about Pearl Harbor over the radio and shook his head in a way that made her wonder if he was sorry or glad he had no sons to give.

And so supper would pass as it had passed night after night. Nothing different. Nothing new. Nothing changed. She wondered how he could stand it feeling as he did about her.

When John came into the kitchen early the next morning he found Anne lying crumpled on the floor. Swiftly he bent over her, and, startled at the ghostly pallor of her thin face, lifted her into his iron-rod arms and carried her into their bedroom.

Two hours later Doctor Lander emerged from the room where Anne lay quiet and pale. Though he was coatless, tiny balls of perspiration slid down the lines of his face. He looked at John who sat silently staring at the floor. He'd known John a long time but still he wasn't sure how he'd take it.

"Tumor," he said as gently as he could. John continued staring at the floor.

"That's how they come, John, fast and sudden. But there's plenty of chance in an operation." the doctor continued, but

couldn't think of anything more to say. As he moved toward the door John arose and followed him.

"She's conscious now but must have complete quiet. I'll get hold of Doctor Scott and take care of everything else. Don't worry too much, John."

Slowly and silently John closed the door.

To Anne the room seemed dark and shadowy as though a great grey cloak hung upon the walls. She saw part of the room open and a figure enter. It was a large figure with stooped shoulders and a shock of black hair. It was John. Knowing he wouldn't want to talk, Anne closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

For fully five minutes John sat next to the bed seeming not even to breathe. He was rigid as a corpse and just as white. Then suddenly, without warning, he dropped to his knees beside the bed, bent his face close to that of his wife, and touched his lips to the corner of her mouth.

He murmured into the pillow that he loved her, and noiselessly left the room.

A slender strip of the sun's white gold lightened the room. Dancing, jeweled sunbeams played around a pair of trembling, smiling lips.

## REVERIE

*Nancy A. Sawyer, '46*

Once more at the water's edge I stand  
Once more, but now alone;  
The sea and sky restore the peace  
My fevered heart had known.  
How calm the night! The shimmering tide  
With low-throbbled murmuring sigh,  
So still my spirit's fervid breath  
That heated passions die.

The moon from halcyon midnight fields  
Her luminous soft beams shed,  
O'er sea and earth a mantle throws  
Enmeshed with silver thread.  
It was not always thus that I  
Alone stood by the sea;  
But what I've lost this place so dear  
Restores in memory.



# PATTERNS

*Marjorie J. Dickneite, '46*

FOR a brief instant Cynthia felt an overwhelming nostalgia pass over her as Nettie came noiselessly across the carpeted floor of the room to begin expertly arranging her hair. Strange how accustomed one became never to bother with details; such as fixing your own hair or drawing water for a bath.

As Cynthia sat there her mind wandered back to the time when they'd all been scrimping their way through college. Odd to think now, that she was the one to whom the girls had come bursting with eagerness when they were expecting a "heavy date".

"Cyn, darling, can you possible squeeze me between English class and Speech? I've just got to have my hair decent tonight. You know, Drue, and I mean, he's just super."

Then Cynthia would put Wordsworth away, and Ellen or Jane or whoever it happened to be would sink thankfully down on the bed while Cyn pulled out hair pins and net.

Of course there always was the half-dollar left on the desk when the beauty treatment was over. The girls always came to Cyn because it was handy, right there on the campus, and besides, it was twenty-five cents cheaper than the village price.

Cynthia's mind snapped back to the peach and gray of her bedroom, and Nettie's soft voice.

"The blue flowers, Mrs. Ward, or the feathers?"

"Neither, Nettie, the small blue hat, please."

She stood up and revolved slowly before the long plate-glass mirror that covered the space between the two deep set windows. She knew just what to expect. A perfectly thrown back image of what Mrs. Nathaniel Ward should look like. A valiant-rose suit that was cut to accentuate her tall slenderness; a pair of long gloves that matched the mockery of a hat she wore. Her bag and shoes of a matching color were fashioned by one of the leading stylists in Paris. Cynthia had long forgotten the lifting pleasure she had once gotten from her mirrored image. She was tired, that was it. Tired of being lonely in the crowds of brilliant people who came and went in the big Ward mansion.

She glanced at her watch, which marked quarter of two. The big house would be quiet now, waiting for the influx of cocktail guests whom Nathaniel always brought home with him from the club.

Nettie was quietly restoring the room to its formal neatness as Cynthia began to go down the broad carpeted stairway. Ralph opened the heavy doorway and held it as she passed through quickly. As always, there was the big town car waiting, with John standing in attendance. Cynthia got in, the door closed with a final sounding click, and she sank back on the upholstery and closed her eyes. The car started.

Cynthia couldn't have explained, even to herself, what was the matter with her married life. Shortly after they had returned from the long, expensive honeymoon to live in the Ward mansion, Cynthia felt it coming. The infringing of society upon her happiness, the constant demands upon their lives made by social obligation. All came as second nature to Nathaniel, he'd always lived that way, with an eye to what people think. But Cynthia had wanted their

first few months of married life to be something just for the two of them. Funny how differently it had turned out. She really saw little of her husband. She rarely saw him in the morning before he left for the office; at lunch time there was usually a hurried phone call.

"Hello, Cyn? I thought I'd phone. . . . Jack Hyde flew in today, business, you understand. I'll see you tonight, though, darling, 'bye. Got to run."

Oh, yes, she understood. She'd been understanding now for four years. When Nathaniel did come home in the evening, there was the routine group of business connections who had to be amused. Then they always whisked off in a flurry of gaiety and brilliant chatter.

Here she was, at two in the afternoon, driving slowly down the crowded streets of the city to attend a lecture given by one of the girls who had been a sorority sister in the days Cynthia had just been remembering. All of them who had spent four years of close comradeship at the University were invited. Idly now, Cynthia thought of what they would all be like. She hadn't seen them since graduation.

The car drew up to a well ordered halt and John got smartly out to open the shiny black door.

"Call back for me at about four, John."

Then she was entering the door of the lecture hall.

There was a woman just in front of Cynthia, her head bent over her purse. Obviously she was hunting for the printed invitations that Lorna had sent to all of them. Cynthia hesitated a moment, knowing that as soon as she was able to see the woman's face she would recognize her. Cynthia glanced at the woman's clothes in the moment of hesitation. She was dressed in a good, but slightly shabby,



black suit, a hat tipped low over her face. As Cynthia came to regard the sleek blond hair pulled into a knot at the nape of the neck, at once she knew.

"Why Sylvia! How nice to see you."

The woman looked up, then a slow smile broke over her quiet features.

"This is a surprise, Cynthia, I thought you were in New Orleans."

"Oh, but darling, it was so depressingly hot down there, and you know how I am, bored to distraction. I came back a week ago."

That was Mrs. Nathaniel Ward talking, not Cynthia, and she hated herself for the part she continually played.

As they entered the hall together, Sylvia thought with longing of how wonderful it would be to be like Cynthia. Just to be able to go anywhere as she did, and those gorgeous clothes. She'd love to have just one spree and buy everything she wanted. Just once. Then with a pang of remembrance Sylvia's mind went to the shopping she must do for the boys. It was so hard to try and make things do. But what was that saying, something about minister's children always looking neat, Oh well, Ed did the best he could and they certainly were happy even if there wasn't much left over for extras. It was just when one met someone like Cynthia . . . she had everything, Sylvia thought.

As they walked down the aisle of the hall, someone called to them. It seemed to Cynthia that the voice called to them out of the past that they had shared together at school. The two women stopped. When they turned it was to find Natalie Loring and Ellen Price beckoning to them.

Cynthia's smile wasn't the set, brilliant smile that she had been smiling at Nathaniel's guests for four years, it

was a school-girl grin, and the warmth in her voice was something that came from real pleasure. She and Sylvia took seats beside the two women and began to gabble girlishly.

Natalie had married a country doctor and gone to live in some remote little place that was almost as bad as being put into mothballs to keep from getting musty. But here she was, and looking far from countrified.

"How happy she looks," Cynthia thought, "she's always sure of where Bob is, and it must be fun to cook his meals when he comes home tired. She probably sits down in the living room with him at night, sewing, while he reads. If only we could have the quiet, intimate evenings at home that Natalie and Bob have."

Natalie was talking to Sylvia, so Cynthia took the temporary exclusion from the conversation as a chance to glance around. The laughing voices of the others drifted near her.

"How are you getting home Natalie, way out there in the country?"

"I'm going to take the train, I really love watching all the people come and go. You know, I don't have much of an opportunity to see new faces!" Natalie said laughingly.

But there was a mocking of her laughter in her heart. How many times she had rebelled to herself at living so far from everything she was accustomed to. If only Bob would exert himself to be more companionable, she thought. It would be wonderful to have him suggest an evening of gaiety once in awhile, instead of sitting at home night after night while he read old medical books, or worse still, the nights she spent alone while Bob treked out to some remote farm to administer to a patient. To be like Cynthia, she thought, everything of life's best was handed to her.

A burst of polite applause ran through the audience as

Lorna came on the stage. Her presence was an invigorating force to everyone sitting there awaiting her lecture. As she stood, bowing and smiling, Cynthia wondered if, after all, Lorna were not the happiest of them all. Although she had never married, nevertheless she had gotten all which she had ever wanted. She was a successful writer, had fame as a "best seller". There seemed to be no one in her life who, by his indifference, could cause the stabbing loneliness that had become a part of Cynthia.

The lecture went on and on. Cynthia's thoughts slipped from one to the other of the women sitting near her. A loud burst of applause ripped the stillness of the hall as Lorna finished speaking. Leaving the stage, she came down towards the group in which Cynthia was. She stood for a moment, the center of the group's attention. Then, a little breathlessly, she excused herself, saying that she was scheduled for another lecture and had to change her costume. She pressed their hands, promising to drop in to see them, when she came to town again. Then she hurried down the hall.

As she went, her thoughts strayed from her coming lecture to Cynthia. How composed she is. She never has to worry about keeping her name before the public. Cynthia had everything given to her tied up in one neat package labeled *Nathaniel*. She'd never had to pull herself up by her bootstraps, thought Lorna.

Cynthia now glanced at her watch. Five minutes past four it marked. John would be outside with the car. She hated to part from this atmosphere of the past, to return to the big house and dress for the superficial crowd who would come in with her husband. She could at least offer to drop Sylvia off at her home. But when she asked, Sylvia said,



"Thanks, Cynthia. But I have an errand to do. I won't be going home right away."

The truth was that Sylvia felt just a little bit of awe at the sight of Cynthia's big town car, with its uniformed chauffeur. Then, again, she would hate to have Ed think that she was flaunting her wealthy friend before their middle-class neighborhood. She would take the street-car home. So it was a lonely Cynthia who got into the waiting car. But not one of those women guessed it, as she leaned forward to wave a gay farewell.

Four women turned their backs upon one another to gather up the threads of daily existence. Each one sent up a cry from her heart against the pattern life had cut for her.

## REQUIEM

*Ann H. Morris, '46*

Speak gently, gently,  
Mourn my loss;  
Stern Death has come at last.  
Its hold around my heart like moss  
Firm keeps it in tight grasp.

Tread softly, softly,  
On this spot  
Let fall a silent tear.  
Stand reverently and whisper not,  
My heart lies buried here.

## UNION

*Barbara A. Dewey, '46*

An earthling, caught in wanton web of Life,  
A fugitive from Love's embracing Hand  
I stand—ensnared in tangled threads of strife,  
Lacing, the while, in my loom of low-pitched plan  
A still defiance to His still commands.  
The false and empty world has smothered me;  
The empty world in jealousy demands  
That I within myself shall never see  
A heart attuned to catch the music of His plea.

Oh, God, I would these worldly walls might fall,  
And hug the ground in never-ending brace.  
I would these coils of self and self-in-all  
Might clatter from me clear and with them take  
All vestige of my vain earth-bounded weight.  
Oh, let me not an earthling always be,  
Imprisoned by the freedom of my state;  
Wing Thou my arms that I may swiftly flee  
To liberate my love in close embrace with Thee.

# ROOTS OF REDEMPTION

*Florence L. Logue, '46*

JIM darling, I have a wonderful idea!"

Barbara Casswell paused to smile at her reflection in the gilt-edged mirror before she crossed the living room to settle herself companionably beside her husband on the couch.

Jim Casswell looked up wearily from his perusal of *The Blendford Bugle*. His deep-circled blue eyes, haggard from lack of sleep, regarded affectionately his pretty young wife.

"Yes, Barbara, what is it?" he queried.

"Well, dear, at last I've found the solution. This will clear up everything, and you won't have to worry about anything. I know it will clinch your chances for reelection."

"But, Barbe," Jim began hesitantly, "I'm not sure yet that I want to run for reelection. I think eight years in public life is enough for any man. After all, we've always planned to go back to the country to live. We still have the house, you know."

"Yes, but we have the rest of our lives for that. You're young now, and with a few more years as mayor of Blendford you can really go places."

"Umm, maybe . . . I wonder. Besides, Barbara, you don't realize how terrible the conditions in this city are becoming. Why, the problem of juvenile delinquency alone is enough to stagger the strongest individual. And indirectly, the mayor is responsible for clearing up that mess. I'm sick of it all, hon. I want a rest."

Barbara reached over to take her husband's hand before she continued.



"Oh, Jim, don't be silly. You're just tired. Perhaps I should wait until you've had a good night's sleep before I unfold my plan."

At this, Barbara stood up and gracefully walked over to the fireplace. She was definitely conscious of the lovely picture she made standing there, her tall, slender frame in a cerise housecoat against the background of white-carved woodwork, her smooth white brow creased slightly by the suggestion of a frown as she gazed intently at her husband who had again sought the security of *The Bugle*.

"But, Jim, I have to tell you tonight. It's going to happen tomorrow." Barbara's tone of voice was anxious and her husband could not resist the pleading note.

"Okay, hon, go ahead." Jim tossed his newspaper aside and looked at his wife indulgently. "But this had better be good. This editorial I'm reading on life in the country is really enlightening. The author seems to have plenty on the ball!"

"Well, this morning at the hairdresser's, I overheard Phyllis Thompson and Bertha Mallory discussing the coming elections. Of course, they didn't know I was under the dryer in the next booth."

"Oh, Barbe," her husband interrupted, "you're not going to tell me some foolish gossip, are you? Come here a minute. I want you to look at this editorial."

"Jim, it isn't gossip. That's what started the whole thing, my idea, I mean. You see, they were talking about Bill Taylor's chances of defeating you. Have you heard what his slogan is going to be, dear?"

"No, I haven't. I hardly ever pay attention to those stock phrases—'a man of integrity, honesty, etc'. I've seen too much of it in the past eight years. But, Barbe, the few

times I've met Bill Taylor, he's seemed like a nice fellow. He lives outside the city somewhere, doesn't he?"

Barbara nodded.

"Somewhere in the country, I think," Jim continued. "You know, I think he lives in the same section we used to be in. Gee, Barbe, isn't it strange to think back to those first years of our married life? We used to get such happiness out of little things. Remember how we coasted down the hill in back of the house?"

"Yes, Jim, how could I forget? But listen, this is more important now. Bill Taylor is using this idea in his slogan: 'Elect a family man. Blendford needs one experienced with young people to solve its juvenile delinquency problem. Bill Taylor, father of six children, is the man for mayor'."

If Barbara had expected a strong exclamation or a vehement protest from her husband, she was cruelly disappointed. Jim merely looked bewildered.

"Maybe that's been the trouble," he said more to himself than to his companion. "Perhaps I don't understand children, but then, I never really had any opportunity to know them, I guess."

The moment Jim had uttered that last sentence, he was sorry. Why did he have to say that? He knew it must have hurt Barbara. It sounded as if he were blaming her, when it wasn't really her fault. Whose fault was it, he wondered.

While Barbara sat in stunned silence beside him, a series of vivid pictures flashed through Jim's puzzled mind. He saw again their own child, their little boy who had brought them immeasurable happiness in the short span of ten months, and who had left them with inconsolable grief which eight years had not yet healed. He visualized their country home, a large, rambling white house where he and Barbe had

romped like carefree children. He remembered his office job which had spelled comfortable security if not prosperity. Little did he dream in those days that he, Jim Casswell, would one day be transplanted to the confines of a city apartment, to the restrictions of a public official's life. Yet, moving had seemed the only solution after stark tragedy had insidiously shattered the Casswell's Utopia. Jim could almost hear again Barbara's frantic, pleading screams when she discovered her baby smothered beneath a mound of blue blankets. Despite the efforts of the fire department's pulmotor, Baby Jimmie had died, and with him a part of Barbara had died too. She had never been the same, Jim mused. Her natural warm tenderness had fled, leaving in its place a bitter disillusionment which bore fruit in cold ambition.

It was Barbara, he recalled, who had insisted that they move to the fashionable city of Blendford. It was she who had urged his entrance into politics. Yes, he reflected honestly, he owed all his present success to his wife's relentless ambition and ceaseless striving to get ahead. It was she, not he, who really ruled the city of Blendford. What was her new plan to cajole public opinion?

Jim turned to look at Barbara; she, too, seemed to be far away from reality. Then, she broke the spell with a low, harsh laugh.

"Well, Jim, here's the great idea! This afternoon at the Red Cross they had a few British Refugee children. . . . And, Jim, I offered to take two of them, and . . ."

"Barbe, honey, you're wonderful," exclaimed her husband gleefully. "Just think! Two kids in our house! Gee, hon, you're the most unselfish person in the world."

Barbara had the grace to blush as she gathered her courage to go on.



"But, Jim, I didn't do it because I wanted to," she confessed. "I thought that they would help you to win the election. You know, sort of give you the status of a family man, etc."

"Barbara!"

The incredulous, horrified gasp of her husband made Barbara wince. She got up quickly and began to pace up and down her precious Oriental.

"But, Jim, I was only trying to help you. After all, you do have to give your decision to the press tomorrow."

Jim ignored her excuses and demanded abruptly, "What time will those children arrive tomorrow?"

"Eight o'clock in the morning, I believe."

"How old are they?"

"I forgot to ask. I think the boy is older than the girl. He's probably about twelve or thirteen."

"Looks as if we had a big day ahead of us tomorrow, you with your refugees, and I with the press conference. How about getting a good night's rest?"

Jim rose wearily from the couch and began mechanically to put out the lights. Barbara watched him in silence until the living room was in darkness. Then, she followed him quietly across the hall into the bedroom.

\* \* \*

Brring! The insistent shrilling of the front doorbell shattered the peaceful breakfast of the Casswell's. Both Barbara and Jim jumped at the sound.

"The kids," Jim burst out eagerly.

"I'll go," Barbara cut him short.

She walked with measured tread through the living room, past the gilt-edged mirror, and into the tiny reception hall. After a moment's hesitation, she opened the door quickly.

"Why, good morning Mrs. Adams. How nice of you to bring the children! Yes, I'm sure we shall get along nicely. . . . Er. won't you come in for a cup of coffee? . . . Oh, that's too bad. . . . Yes, thank you again. Good by."

Before she completely realized what had happened, Barbara watched the retreating figure of Mrs. Adams hurry down the stairs. She stood still in her cold reception hall, while the two frightened children held hands together on the threshold.

"For Pete's sake, come in and close the door. We're not heating the sidewalks."

Her husband's booming command brought Barbara back to earth. She reached out, drew in the children, and managed to close the door.

At this point, the impatient Jim left the confines of the kitchen to watch the proceedings in the doorway. He saw his wife holding the little boy's hand, and heard her ask,

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Nine, ma'am." The voice was low and hoarse. Poor kid, mused Jim, he must have a mean cold. Nine, the age that their little boy would have been. He wondered what Barbara was thinking. Her face was an impenetrable mask, however, as she bent over the little girl.

"What's your name, dear?"

"Kathy," the baby voice faltered.

"She's only six," volunteered David. I'm taking care of her."

A wave of pity swept over Barbara in spite of her efforts to control her emotions. Poor youngsters, she mused. Already, they had experienced separation from loved ones whom they might never see again. It must be difficult for them to stand here in my house, she thought, and to realize that

they will be living with perfect strangers. We'll make it up to them, she vowed fiercely.

For the next half hour Barbara and Jim enjoyed unexpected, new-found happiness with the little refugees. They almost vied with each other in their fervent efforts to make the children feel at home. Kathy, hidden in a blue and white apron of Barbara's, sat contentedly drinking one glass of orange juice after another, while Davey, convinced that his small charge was in good hands, listened wide-eyed as Jim told him of the football games they would attend.

Eight thirty came all too quickly. Jim, inwardly cursing the responsibilities of the working man, reluctantly rose and went to put on his overcoat. Barbe, after making certain that Kathy was completely engrossed in her third glass of orange juice, and that Davey was making startling inroads on her strawberry jam, followed her husband into the hall.

"Jim, aren't they precious?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, they're wonderful," he agreed wholeheartedly.

As Jim leaned down to kiss his wife good-by, Barbara clung to him a moment and whispered

"Make the press conference good, darling. We'll be waiting."

Barbara stood at the window until her husband's tall frame disappeared in the apartment garage across the street. Then, she ran gaily into the kitchen. Kathy was still busy with her orange juice, but David was choking with a spasm of coughing. Barbara hastened to help him, and as she offered him a glass of water, she smiled and said,

"Never mind, Davey, the country air will do wonders for that cough."



## BEAUTY IN HIDING

*Claire F. Billings, '46*

In a verdure-decked vale  
By a sparkling stream  
Where the sunbeams dispelled grey gloom,  
A floweret so frail  
Like a delicate dream  
Raised its pale purple head in full bloom.

Loud the bees buzzed their praise  
Of this blossom so sweet,  
While the brook trilled a melody wild,  
All the leaves whispered lays  
To the violet discreet  
To Mother Earth's ground-hugging child.

For there's no other flower  
That grows neath the trees  
Like the violet so modest and fair,  
Which enriches earth's bower  
And gladdens the breeze  
Just because it exists then and there.

## INVITATION

*Marjorie J. Dickneite, '46*

Come out into the Autumn-frosted night  
And breathe the pungent odors in the air.  
The shaggy-gold chrysanthemums shine bright  
With moon reflected frost-flecks in their hair.  
Go into darkened orchard—if you dare,  
Where spicy heaps of fallen apples stay  
On mounds of brownish root-protecting hay.

Now whiff the smell of dried up burning leaves—  
The Summer's vanquished children fallen lie,  
See now the naked splendor of the trees  
Which rear their black-etched branches to the sky,  
And think of Winter's chill reign with a sigh.  
So come into the Autumn-frosted world  
To see the handiwork of God unfurled.

# TO THE DANDELION

*Florence L. Logue, '46*

Fine staunch survivor of the Fall,  
Bold hardy herald of the Spring,  
Incline your ear and list awhile  
While I your mellow praises sing.  
Oh, I could watch you by the hour,  
For you are Nature's trusty flower.

When hopes lie buried deep beneath  
A Winter sere-cloth white and cold,  
You come in skirt of green arrayed  
And shining Juliet cap of gold.  
Oh dandelion, the Spring's first light,  
You are to me a true delight.

Again when Summer's heat has waned  
Into the cool of Autumn days,  
When light winds stir your dress of gauze,  
Your dainty cap of web-like rays,  
Then stand you fragile and apart  
The dearest flower of my heart.

Let poets guard their violets,  
Let artists paint the daisy's charm,  
I know you need no mortal help  
To shield you from Earth's shrill alarm,  
Your dowry is God's constant care,  
So dandelions bloom everywhere.



# MURRAY BAY

*Laure E. Thibert, '47*

TO THINK that Madeline St. Louis had had to come to the Saguenay River to meet Americans like these! What a joke that was on Canada! In three weeks she had not seen a single Canadian who could compare with Rosamond or Dick Hardy. And she knew that if she had not accidentally sat next to Roz on the upper deck yesterday morning this whole trip would have been a failure. Now, at last, she was enjoying herself, really enjoying herself, and she could not bear the thought of having this end.

"It's your turn, Maddy." Dick called her out of her reverie. "Let's see you beat my last one!"

"Dick Hardy! You've got your nerve! Watch me!" And with that challenging remark Maddy pushed the disk across the entire length of the shuffle board.

"There now! How did you like that?" she cried triumphantly.

Dick had to admit that it was pretty good.

In spite of their constant, mutual teasing these two had become great friends. Well, friends wasn't exactly the word Maddy meant. She thought about the dance aboard ship last evening and of the fun she had had with Dick. Perhaps the whole evening had been only a happy, American relaxation after three weeks of strained intercourse with Canadian boys, but oh, how gay it had been! Dick was being very attentive in a casual, polished, American way, so unlike the overwhelmingly obvious boys in Montreal, and Maddy appreciated his good-humored banter.

At least this trip was making her realize how thoroughly American she herself was despite her French-Canadian ancestry. She understood now why it was that marriages like that of the Bouchards were unsuccessful. When one mate was Canadian (or any other nationality, for that matter) and the other, American, it meant that either husband or wife had to be expatriated, and that could end only in dissension. Certainly, she would never live here!

"Maddy!" This time Roz called her. "Snap out of it, pet. You're paying no attention. It's your turn, too."

"Oh! Sorry, Roz." Quickly she brought herself back to the game and in one driving stroke sent the disk skating down the shuffle board.

Her score was way ahead of the other two now, so she wished they would call it a game. It isn't that she was tiring of Roz and Dick—goodness knows they were the best part of her trip—but she felt she had to get away from them for just a minute. She had an important decision to make and she could defer it no longer. In less than an hour the ship would arrive at Murray Bay but as yet Maddy was undecided. What should she do? More than anything in the world she wanted to finish the Saguenay trip with the Hardy's. They were so amusing, so smooth. She wanted to make the most of these few days with them. But, on the other hand, she felt it her duty to stop off with her mother at Murray Bay.

At the thought of her mother, Maddy turned her head back and looked down the sunny length of blanketed passengers in the deck chairs. Yes, there she was at the farthest end of the deck chatting with that interesting British couple she had met at breakfast. As if she didn't care what I decided, mused Maddy.

"We'll do whatever you choose, dear," Mother had said on the way to the dining room that morning. "They don't expect us until the end of the week. I didn't notify them about the change in our reservations. I thought it might be fun to surprise them instead. But it's up to you, darling. What do you say?"

"I don't know yet, Mother. I'll have to mention it to Roz and Dick first. They may have special plans, you know, and I couldn't very well disappoint them."

Imagine her having said that when she knew so well what a few extra days at Murray Bay would mean to her mother! How thoughtless she had been! But still, if they weren't expected until Friday it really wouldn't make any difference, would it? And she was having such a grand time now. What a predicament, she thought!

Perhaps if she had told Roz and Dick at the very beginning of their acquaintanceship that she was on her way to Murray Bay to meet her maternal grandparents for the first time, no embarrassing situation would have arisen at all. She had almost started to tell them yesterday afternoon, but when, instead, she had agreed with a slanderous remark of Dick's concerning French-Canadian education she had denied all blood ties to these people. She hadn't felt particularly traitorous about it though, rather she experienced a certain smug satisfaction in knowing that she, regardless of her forefathers, was as American as the Star Spangled Banner. Still, if she had chosen to claim relationship here, she could have disclosed to the Hardys many more complexities which they, as English-speaking Americans, had not understood because of language barriers.

How disappointed she had been in the Canadians, thus far. This was not the Canada she had expected to find at all.



Montreal was just like any other large city in the States: Laval, just another snobbish summer resort; Sorel, an ugly, shoddy mixture of the old and the new; and Quebec! that had been the greatest disillusionment of all. What had these modern Canadians done to that once quaint little place! It was only through her mother's vivid descriptions that Maddy had been able to capture some of the picturesqueness that must have been.

Everywhere she had visited, everyone she had met in these three weeks had been imitation-American. But instead of being flattered by all the copying she had seen, Maddy resented it more than she could ever tell Roz and Dick without giving herself away. Where had all that old French culture she had heard about disappeared to? Had it died a generation or two ago? Or was there some quiet corner hidden in this province where that simple spirit still flourished? Would she find it?

Maddy asked herself these questions while finishing a half-hearted game of shuffle board. Then suddenly she discovered that with each question the hope was growing stronger within her that perhaps she would find that lost simplicity at Murray Bay!

She could not finish the game soon enough.

"Excuse me a minute, Roz," she said when the score had been added, "I've got to tell my mother something! I'll be right back."

She would never tell Roz why she had to see her mother! After all, she wasn't certain herself yet whether or not she would be proud of her old Canadian grandparents. True, all the Canadians she had met were young people of her own age and friends of her mother, but she had no guarantee that the old folks were any better than these.

She was not ready to claim any French-Canadian ancestors, especially not to Roz and Dick. How would they understand about her grand-père who raised sheep in a rocky pasture at Murray Bay? Their father was an ex-Senator: no less! And Roz's debut had been the most lavish one in Philadelphia last season. Dick had told her all this last night. That was the kind of people they were!

And what would the sophisticated Rosamond think if she were told about the letter Maddy had received last month from her grandmother? Poor old grand'mère! In her great anxiety to please, she had written that she had saved their very best hand-spun étoffe to make her American granddaughter a skirt. Maddy could just see herself wearing some crude, sack-like thing back to college in the fall! Roz, in her stunning Bendel creations, would have found the picture even more ridiculous. No, Maddy would not say anything to the Hardy's not yet. Instead, she wormed her way through the crowded deck to her mother.

"Mother," she interrupted in a whisper when she had reached her, "I think we should get off at Murray Bay. Shall I go finish our packing?"

Mrs. St. Louis looked up at her daughter and smiled very gratefully. But in the presence of the British couple she answered casually,

"Thank you, dear. I'll be down shortly to help you."

Maddy caught the delighted note in her mother's voice and she knew she had made the proper decision.

"I'm stopping off at Murray Bay with my mother!" she exclaimed very emphatically when she returned to Roz and Dick.

"You are?" they asked in surprised unison.

"Yes. Mother would like to visit there a few extra days."

She would tell them no more. "But look, you can make a reservation at Tadoussac for me anyway. I'll go up Thursday on the Richelieu and we'll still have the week-end as we had planned it."

For the next ten minutes the three young people busied themselves making arrangements for a gala week-end at Tadoussac. Not for the world would Maddy miss it, and Murray Bay, she thought, would have to go some to keep her from getting there!

Yet, half an hour later, when she had said goodbye to them and was walking down the gangplank with her mother, Maddy felt her heart beat excitedly, anticipatively. Already she was enraptured by the beauty before her.

While Mrs. St. Louis inquired about a carriage, Maddy stood alone on the wharf, spellbound. Why, this was as enchanting as a fairyland! She had never expected to see anything like it.

"Oh, Mother," she cried in astonishment as her mother returned, "I had no idea!"

The ride to grand-père's in the calèche was in itself a frolicsome, unique experience. The cocher who drove them was a jovial old man who energetically manifested his pride in driving the daughter and granddaughter of père Noël over the rocky roads. And as the swaying carriage followed its course through the village, it seemed to Maddy that every person, every cottage, every pebble in the road even, sang out to them: Bonjour! Nowhere had she felt such warm, spontaneous friendliness.

Then there was so much to see after they had left the village proper and had begun to climb and to descend the hills leading to grand-père's: here, a little wood through which ran the murmuring river Malbaie; there, a sweeping



wheat field; further, an overshadowed valley; and with each corner that was rounded, a thousand new pastoral surprises to be admired.

Higher and still higher they rode. Maddy marvelled at the ease with which the little horse took those steep ascents. Finally, after scaling one last perilous hair-pin turn, she spotted a bright red roof shining over a distant hilltop. She squinted, then brought her hands up to shade her eyes from the strong sunlight. That must be grand-père's roof over there! Was there ever a rooftop like it!

Maddy hopped down quickly from the carriage, eager to meet the old couple who lived in this red-roofed farmhouse. They must be simply wonderful, she thought.

Soon the front door opened wide before her, and there stood the dearest grandmother imaginable! She was much better than old lavender and lace! She was tiny, shrunken, of course, but she was ruddy and strong. Without saying a word, she reached her rough brown hands up to Maddy's face, brought the young cheek down to hers, and in the tender embrace, filled her granddaughter's being with a sense of intimate blessedness. It was their first meeting, these two, yet they had known each other always.

And grand-père! Maddy's heart cried out at the sight of the tall, stately, white-haired man coming toward her. He was so handsome! When she felt his long arms wrap around her, she pressed her head tightly against his bony chest, stifled a sob in the coarse, gray tweed, and clung affectionately to this old man who held her in such sweet security. She knew that this could be no more joyous a home-returning for her mother than it was for her.

The the moment she stepped over the threshold Maddy went into rapturous exclamations. It was all new to her,

yet strangely familiar, perhaps because it was exactly what she had been seeking these three weeks: the huge kitchen with its brick stove at one end; the large, round table in the center of the room on which were displayed grand'mère's best preserves; from where she stood she could see into the bedroom at the farther left. The large, canopied, four-poster bed, the bright hand-braided rugs on the floor were all as her mother had described them. Then, when she turned her head to the right she caught sight of the horse-hair upholstery in the salon. She laughed. What amusing tales Mother had told her about Monsieur le curé's visits in that room! Oh! there was going to be so much to see !

In fact, so much was there to see, to do, and to tell, that it was not until five o'clock, when grand'mère was lifting a bolt of lovely, cherry-red, hand-spun material from the old chest in her bedroom, that Maddy thought of Roz and Dick Hardy. Suddenly she remembered the promise she had made to meet them at Tadoussac. She was so disturbed that she could not consider her grandmother's proposal to start measuring for a skirt. Instead, she said in her best French,

"Excuse me, grand'mère, but I just remembered something very important that I must do in the village before six o'clock." A picture of Roz in the Bendel creation flashed through her mind, "We can talk about the skirt later on."

Ten minutes later she was already in the small telegraph office at La Malabie printing in clear decisive strokes the following words:

DON'T WAIT FOR ME. CANCEL RESERVATION. AM STAYING HERE INSTEAD. MADDY.

She knew Rosamond Hardy would not understand that

message, but some day when she was back in the States she would write her a long explanatory letter.

She slipped her few coins to the telegraph operator and without waiting for his acknowledgment, ran swiftly out of the office. She must hurry back to grand'mère!

She started to run up Point-à-pic, but the hill was too steep for her. She paused a moment to catch her breath. Oh, this was wonderful! She sat down on a ledge that jutted from the cliff on the right of the road and looked all about her. How perfectly beautiful! She took the time to scan the whole vista below. Her gaze started at Cap-à-l'aigle way down on the left and followed the St. Lawrence along until that river was a mere ribbon curling towards the western horizon. So this was grand-père's country! She was envious. Actually, she was! Oh, she loved her America. There was no place like it. She must pack many memories into this short visit. These few days would have to make up for all the twenty years past. As for the future? Well, she knew that would take care of itself!

She bounced up from the rock and started to run again. That's how happy she was! She cut through the pasture in order to reach the little farmhouse sooner. She stumbled several times over clumps hidden in the tall grass. Once she even fell. But she picked herself up quickly, brushed her dirty knees, and continued running all the way. She had something very special to ask grand'mère and she must hurry!

Finally she reached the kitchen door just as she was beginning to feel that her poor, shaking legs could go no farther. She stumbled through the doorway, exhausted.

"Grand'mère!" she panted eagerly, "I'm ready for a fitting now!"



## MEMORIES

*Jane F. Ray, '46*

With longing I remember past glad days,  
Those fleeting zephyrs of life's joyous spring  
Which gently brushed my brow have sped away,  
In flurried haste they ride on time's swift wing.  
The fragrant breath of youth which warmed my cheek  
Has vanished now, and in its place I feel  
The icy blasts of wintry age which seek  
To rob me of full flame of ardent zeal.

Yet in my mind a tranquil peace I know  
Which calms the restless yearnings of my heart,  
As bodied joys of youth less vivid grow  
Dim shades of former gladness they impart.  
For in life's ebbing tide sun-spurts I'll see,  
While days of youth still glow in memory.

## EDITORIALS

### OPEN SESAME:

Many doors are open to us by the magic touch of post-war possibilities and potentialities. It is for us to enter, to explore, to exploit, to enter by the Way; to explore by the Truth; to exploit by the Life!

The tokens and stamps of rationing will not have to be forfeited for the purchase of spiritual commodities. We have but to ask and we shall receive; seek and we shall find; knock and (the door) shall be opened unto us. So we must be alert and alive to our privileges and to our responsibilities. We cannot afford to slip into a post-war lethargy of smug satisfaction with things as they are. A battle of principles is to be waged, unflinchingly and untiringly.

Each of us has a common coat-of-arms handed to us unchanged from man's creation: the image of God in our immortal souls. Each of us has an unscarred shield to protect us: the cross of Christ. No bar nor stripe may mark our rank in this combat; our lasting attainments on the far-flung battle line will be decorated and crowned by the great Commander-in-Chief.

We are all familiar with the popular challenge to "play the game." We are engaged daily in the important "game" of life wherein definite rules obtain definite results. This moral code protected and interpreted by the authority of the Church is offered to us for the achievement of our eternal security. The war-emergency, as such, has ended; the peace-emergency has begun anew.

M. J. D., '46

## BETRAYAL!

The great treason of our times is secular education. Treason, because it is a betrayal of the individual's inherent needs, and the country's comprehensive exigencies.

In education, America seemingly places her deepest confidence; from education she shall receive her saddest requital. From her universities, men of vision, power, moral integrity, and spiritual strength should come. How can a man have vision when he has been taught only half the truth, shown only one side of existence? How can a man have moral integrity when the ultimate of responsibility, according to *Behaviorism*, is the reflex arc? How can a man have spiritual strength when the soul is ignored and denied?

In its highest sense, education is the complete and harmonious development of the physical, mental, and moral powers of the individual. Therefore, it cannot by-pass any one of these developments and remain true education. Yet, modern American educators choose to overlook the most vital of these phases, and feed the youth of today on atheistic ideologies.

Thorndike, the father of American education, believes that the hope of the race is in the gene. Dewey states that "religion is education, education is religion." Woefel says that "faith in God and in authority, belief in Divine Grace have been made impossible for the educated man of today." Matured as he is on the materialism, naturalism, and modernism of secular university training, the American youth possesses neither the knowledge of an immortal destiny nor the guidance of an absolute truth. He has learned that justice is a noble and sorely-needed virtue, but he has not learned that justice can be attained only through love of men in God and of God in men.



Let all who are being trained under the aegis of the Church value the safety and surety of their knowledge. But so rich a gift bears with it a responsibility of privilege, duty, and co-operation. Let us, at Emmanuel, be in the forefront of the groups whose banner bears the device of Truth and Service.

*B. D., '46*

#### STUDENT GOVERNMENT:

In this, her twenty-seventh year, Emmanuel College has granted us student government. Even as we jubilantly hail this latest mark of the trust the Administration places in us, we pause to consider just what student government means: what are its functions, its limitations, its responsibilities. The work of student government is largely disciplinary: that is it will undertake the maintenance and observance of those rules and regulations incidental to campus life. It has the further right to legislate, with the approval of the Administration, on these matters. It must be understood that student government in no way concerns any question purely academic.

But let there be no mistake about it. Student government is not at all inherent to higher education. It is rather a privi-

lege, a call to prove ourselves worthy of Emmanuel and of the principles she has tried to inculcate. For success, student government will demand maturity and honor not only from its leaders but from each of us. It will exact our utmost in loyalty, selflessness, and clean-cut thinking. Above all, we shall work towards the full realization and appreciation of the Emmanuel ideal toward which, in co-operation with the Administration, we are to strive.

Coming at a time when Emmanuel, emerged from its first brave years with incredible success, advances rapidly toward the highest goals of Catholic education, student government is another mark of the steady progress of the college: progress in forming students of integrity and responsibility; progress in uniting the goals of faculty and student-body. The benefits of student government will, we are confident, surpass even the fondest expectation. Student government is, in a sense, an experiment in democracy. The lessons in group-work and in self-control learned here, cannot but prove of invaluable service in later life, whether in community, cloister, career, or home. Student government will revitalize interest in Emmanuel, will quicken our love and loyalty. Drawn together in common duty and pleasure, we shall weld stronger, more lasting ties of friendship. Best of all, through such intimate connection with the management of campus life, we shall feel that we belong even more to Emmanuel and all she signifies.

Youth is the period of confidence, of faith in the future. To this essential outlook let us add our best in co-operation, work, and prayer. Then, with God's help, student government will be a success for the individual student and for Emmanuel.

N. A. S., '46

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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## *In Statu Quo:*

Now that we have really gotten back into the swing of things (including the precarious stunt of hanging on a car-strap), we find that time does fly. Before we are aware of it, this semester will bow its way out, and the curtain will fall on the tragic scene of examinations. Lest we find ourselves thought-less at that critical moment, a small dose of study each night is recommended. It is easier than swallowing a large prescription in January, and is guaranteed to build up an allergy to wrong answers.

\* \* \*

## *The Crystal Ball:*

What's this, what's this before my ken? A college prom, and ah, with men. The "sloppy-joe" has vanished quite, and in its place (O wondrous sight!) Are dancing frocks in softest hues, and heels have sprouted on the shoes. Then each modern Cinderella, Looks up gaily at her fella', Hears midnight chimes and worries not; How gay her lot, For she's on daylight saving time!



### *Prophecy:*

With everyone rushing about to secure the very newest of science's achievements, we feel safe in predicting that the telephone-television gadget will create a supply in excess of demand. Imagine, girls! Dressing for a call would become a *must*. Even Puck, who could put a girdle around the earth in no time at all, would hardly be speedy enough to accomplish our type of sprinting before we answer the familiar jingle. Gone would be the days of social-fibbing for the lady whose expression gives her away. Imagine the slivers of finger nails which would strew the telephone booth while your caller dangled the receiver, waiting for you to comb your hair and "make" a face. Who wants telephone-television at so nerve-breaking a cost?

\* \* \*

### *Reconversion:*

Mighty word of strong import! We have abandoned the period of emergency to return to the old way of living. Now the male can doff one of three general types of dress to become individualistically garbed. We no longer have to meet the gentlemen "face on" to be sure of their identity, for they have ceased to be typed by bars and stripes.

We are fast becoming aware of the absence of initialed and numbered classifications for commodities. The individual with a "C card" now holds no social prestige. A well-tired car does not draw a crowd. Its owner feels moderately safe leaving his possessions within sight of the public.

The accomplished ration-book juggler who performed daily in the neighborhood store has become a member of the Lost Arts' Club. Now, untrained talent, provided with the necessary exchange currency, can enable its possessor to succeed in the purchasing field without straining his mathematical bent or puzzle-solving adaptability.

Once again we may walk with free-footed ease, ignoring the fact that we have exhausted our stamp supply of footwear. We do not have to choose now between the practical and the frivolous in shoes while one "airplane" is between us and the sidewalk. Long walks can again be the common order of the days and nights.

This brand new "old way" even hints that Santa Claus may discover *nylons* decking the chimney place. Because many of her sons are returning to "the land of the free and the home of the brave", Time's ordered months need not be disturbed by anticipating Christmas on October the fifteenth.

We may now abandon the labor of nightly pen-driving to keep him informed of all and sundry. Now the familiar telephone call marks the ritual of each day's close, since, in the main, "it is over, over there." And are we glad!

\* \* \*

### *Smile, Smile, Smile:*

Unless you are oblivious to all about you but your newly-obtained copy of *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, you have seen a startling transfiguration in the student body. Their sparkling smiles and bubbling-over vivacity are not altogether due to *Ipana* and *Vimms*. Nor is the cause of their return to smarter fashions a sudden attention to the advice of *Vogue* and of *Fashion*. No, my friends, do not look to these sources for the answer. Here it is: the war is over; the male of the species (remember) has returned!

## CURRENT BOOKS

*The Heart of Man.* By Gerald Vann, O.P. New York: Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 1945. 182 pages.

It is not a little difficult to write about the heart of man. Yet a book has been written today which bares, with sublime tenderness and canny insight, the most intimate needs and lofty aspirations of the human heart. It does more than that. In his book, Gerald Vann, author, lecturer, and priest, projects *love* as the harbinger of world order. Out of love, the world was created; out of love, alone, can it be restored to its glorious and proper birthright.

Man, in Father Vann's estimation, is primarily a lover and a maker. The two activities are not supplementary, they are correlative; for "man is not whole until he is both lover and maker and unless his making is the expression of his love." In a true sense, then, man is the maker of the family, of the world, and of the church.

He is the maker of the family because, through love, he unites his body with another in Christ to perfect the art of love-making in the coming of the child and the building of the home. He is the maker of the world because, through love of the Supreme Maker, he takes to himself the dull and the ugly and the stupid to shield them from drudgery as exploited "economic hands", to protect them from bondage as prostituted "political units." He is the maker of the Church because, through love, he accepts the responsibility and challenge offered him by the Church to betray evil, fortify virtue, and influence for good those whose lives he touches. In the words of Father Vann: "If you live in the Church and try to use the power of the Church to increase the life of the Church, then the power of the Church will make you, yourself, whole; and in your wholeness, you will help to make your family and make your world."

Through the vision of the Whole, Father Vann sees the peoples of the Western World denying, or better, ignoring a Divine Creator, Himself Uncreated. To them, science is all. If not science, then nothing. But the reality is that the world is restless and chaotic because it has abused the art of love-making. Not until love has once more been given its



proper place in the heart of man will selflessness, integrity, reverence, justice, order, and peace return to the world.

*The Heart of Man* will never be a best-seller. It is above and beyond passing popularity. Too lovely to be tabulated, and too lofty to be categorized, yet we may rank the book among the best spiritual writings of our time. The truth, beauty, and goodness of the book's ideas are woven in grace of style and smoothness of rhythm.

Barbara A. Dewey, '46

*The World, The Flesh, And Father Smith.* By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1945. 191 pages.

Once again the laurels of literature cast a hard-won halo around the bowed head of the simple parish priest who plods his humble way to heaven. In Bruce Marshall's best seller, *The World, The Flesh, And Father Smith*, Chaucer's "povre persoun" of a medieval town appears reincarnate in the delightful guise of Father Smith, straightforward, idealistic curate in a twentieth century city.

Against a background of three decades of shifting, Scottish scenes, vividly depicted by the short-lived dominance of familiar fashions, foolish fancies, and predominant movie personages, Mr. Marshall has drawn the story of Father Smith and of those who made up his world: the lovable but lukewarm parishioners of Holy Name, the effusive, exiled nuns from France, the wise, gentle Bishop, blustering, tender-hearted Monsignor O'Duffy, liturgy-loving Canon Bonnyboat, young, zealous Father Scott, and lovely, dark-eyed Elvira Sarno.

Mr. Marshall's presentation of character is well planned and brilliantly executed. Not only do his personages move as warm, natural, vibrant beings with human hopes and finite frailties, but also, his range of character is all-embracing. Aristocrat and peasant, intellectual and illiterate,

atheist and heretic, street slut and saint,—all are skillfully and harmoniously blended into the ever-widening sphere of Father Smith's gentle influence.

The style is breezy and clever, keyed to the tempo of the time. Here religion is brought down to our bed and board, the liturgy lives on with renewed vigor as Father Smith offers his daily Oblation that "Professor Brodie Ferguson and Miss O'Hara and the three chorus girls may be granted fellowship with John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas," and all the others of God's chosen friends. In his attempt to penetrate the modern mind, however, Mr. Marshall's facile pen occasionally writes a modified form of modern slang. Yet more often, he rises to a point of sacred sublimity as in his heart-felt appreciation of the "swift, white sacrament of His love."

With decision and daring Mr. Marshall lashes out at two abuses of Victorian heritage: the "respectable habit of restraint," and the lack of worldwide charity. His war is against the subtle, insidious offenses of respectability and habit. His cry is a loud, soul-stirring appeal for glowing, God-loving Christianity with catholic endurance *per omnia saecula saeculorum*.

Florence L. Logue, '46

*Your Second Childhood*. By Leonard Feeney and Michael Cunningham. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1945. 55 pages.

Most of us regard the unaffected naturalness of childhood with indulgent understanding and suppressed smiles. With similar sentiments, then, we may gaze upon the galaxy of curious but credible characters, realistically delineated in *Your Second Childhood* by the whimsical verses of Father Feeney and the clever illustrations of Mr. Cunningham.

The exhibits in this slightly incongruous collection are vivid and varied. Each "oldster" or "second-youngster" has his or her particular

peculiarity to set off and to distinguish a distinct personality. With amused pity we make the acquaintance of the wide-eyed, skeptical spinster who could not believe anything actually existed; with hearty laughter we chuckle at Grandma Gertie's "mania for men"; and with affectionate admiration we pay tribute to the old nuns who take the air, old nuns whose "eyes are bathed in sunsets that unfold above the hill." Other staunch survivors of second childhood include a philosophical smoker, a "continual sitter and knitter," "Mr. Plater, the tooth-pick advocator," the Braggy bachelors, doleful Abigail and Mrs. Shivver.

Father Feeney's verses are light, humorous, yet penetrating. Each phobia is a definite revelation of character, each mark a proof of personality. Sometimes his portrayals hint at subtle satire, yet the barb is always softened with typical Feenian gentleness. The feeling left with the reader is always genuine sympathy. As for Mr. Cunningham's sketches—they are pointedly and perfectly in harmony with the verses. Doleful Abigail's crocodile tears are positive proof of her gloomy nature, whereas the surreptitious wink in Grandma Gertie's eye instantly shows "her flair for being flirty."

The combination of Father Feeney and Michael Cunningham is a delightful one, for the book reflects an atmosphere of happiness and serenity, not the calm of inactive senility, but the deeper peace of natural whole-hearted enjoyment of life to the last joy-filled hour. Their joint production is not a great book to add to a collection of masterpieces, nor is it intellectual food to masticate in ambitious moments. It is simply and refreshingly an entertaining picture and story book which brings to life the whimsical fancies of *Your Second Childhood*.

Florence L. Logue, '46

*Yankee from Olympus*. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1944. xvii+475 pages.

*Yankee from Olympus* is a biography of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. In the section entitled "Material and Sources" Mrs. Bowen states



that her book is "a picture and a translation, an attempt to bring Justice Holmes out of legal terms into human terms." What Mrs. Bowen has done is to sketch Justice Holmes, the man and his mind, product of Beacon Street and of Harvard, but still more, product of his own searching self-knowledge and self-development.

Abdiel Holmes, minister of the First Parish, Cambridge, Mass., lived at the beginning of a new era characterized in religion by the rejection of the Calvinist tenets. Abdiel clung to the old religion with a tenacity which lost him his living. It was with no small concern that he watched the disarming abandon of his young son, Oliver Wendell Holmes. He combined with his physician's crusade against puerperal fever an astonishing career as poet and informal essayist. *The Autocrat* became the literary passion of two continents and the peculiar torment of his eldest son, Oliver Wendell, Jr. Young Wendell, after his college days, and after what he called "the organized bore" of the Civil War, devoted himself to the study of the law, to which he brought the activity of a mighty heart and will. As Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Court and Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Holmes' legality remained detached from political and social concern. His dissenting findings in favor of labor, free speech did not voice the liberalism of the "party" man or of the "man of the people"; they were his intellectual convictions of his interpretation of the Constitution.

The book is lighted up with quick flashes of character revelation. Her leading characters move against the ever-shifting background of national life; but much more intimately in the little world of Beacon Street, Cambridge, Harvard. Her style is vivid, revealing, unstudied. For all its lifelike and kaleidoscopic quickening, *Yankee from Olympus* is the result of careful research and meticulous assemblage. The piled-up source material listed is evidence.

For those who like biography in the modern tempo, the book is a *must*. Primarily, it is a splendid portrayal of a man and of a class. Of a man who took the finest from that class, and adding his own talents and labor totalled intellectual greatness.

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

*Tomorrow Will Sing*. By Lt. Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, Inc., 1945. 308 pages.

Although *Tomorrow Will Sing* is a novel of the war, yet it is not a "War Novel." The distinction is that while this novel could not have been written except during a war, the war, in itself, does not enter into the book. Lt. Arnold is concerned with people not with events, even when those events are wars.

The theme of *Tomorrow Will Sing* is a plea for tolerance concerning our Italian Allies. This is, at the present time, a much overworked theme, but Lt. Arnold has brought to his book a freshness of perception and a clearness of understanding. He has a deep interest in and genuine love for the Italian people.

The novel begins with a vivid picture of Italy as it was after its surrender. The Italian people are weary, spiritless, suspicious of all government officials and soldiers. When American fliers enter Italy, they are received with thinly-veiled hate and distrust. Gradually, as the novel unfolds, there is pictured a growing mutual understanding. It is effected, in great part, by the character, Eddio Amato, an Italian-American boy, serving as a bombardier on a B-24. He has been drawn with painstaking skill and deep sympathy; therefore, he emerges as a strong, finished influential personality. The whole interest of the book is in the gradual ability of the Americans and the Italians to come to an understanding of one another, and to grow to an earnest appreciation of what Italy has to give to America, and America to Italy. We herein view the war scene from native and foreign eyes. Exchange and interchange of thought aid in the unraveling and disentangling of preconceptions and misconceptions. Shorn of maudlin sentimentality or blatant brutality this book has been able to serve the allied cause.

Lt. Arnold had first-hand knowledge of men in occupied countries in Italy and elsewhere. He has drawn freely and extensively upon that knowledge in writing this book. The style has the terse directness of a soldier's thought processes. This directness carries on the theme with dispatch and lucidity.

Margaret J. McKenna, '46

*Now with the Morning Star.* By Thomas Kernan. New York: The Scribner Press, 1944. 234 pages.

The story of a Cistercian monk forced by German tyranny to leave his monastery after eighteen years of cloistered life is presented in the simple beauty of *Now with the Morning Star*.

Andreas Hoffman, known in religion as Brother Nicholas, knew nothing of a New Order in Germany when he was forced back into civilian life. He sought work in vain because of the red tape of the National Party regulations, which, in his bewilderment, conveyed little or no meaning to his mind. Through a series of dire mishaps, Brother Nicholas, at last met fortuitously Dom Boniface, the former Abbot of Maria-Morgenstern. The Archbishop aiding, he secured work for Brother Nicholas at the children's hospital at Herinhut, Nicholas's birthplace. Here, in the frank style characteristic of the book, is described the surging memories of Brother Nicholas. He visits his mother's grave over paths unchanged since his childhood. While he is at Herinhut, Andreas accepts a secret mission for the Church from the Archbishop of Feldburg, a mission vital to the maintenance of Catholic activities in Germany. The capture of Andreas while on this mission and his return as a prisoner to the confiscated abbey of Maria-Morgenstern constitute the rest of the story. In its unfolding, Mr. Kernan quickens a sympathetic interest in the heroic part Brother Nicholas plays, under the very eyes of the Nazis, in keeping alive the rule of his order in his own work, love, and life. Unconscious of his courage, Brother Nicholas works on in his camouflaged workshop-oratory fulfilling in himself the requirements of the *ora et labora* of monastic discipline. And Maria-Morgenstern lights his heavenward path to Home.

This novel is alight with wholesome truth, grace, and interest. Tyranny may overthrow monasteries, but it cannot blot out the spiritual power of its sons.

Jane F. Ray, '46

*Great Son.* By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1944. 281 pages.

With an almost deliberate carelessness of style Edna Ferber sweeps over the fast-moving pages of what she, herself, calls a "slim book"; and deftly encompasses the panorama of events identified with the history of



the great Northwest into a compact sphere. Coupled with her narrative is a subtle, penetrating interpretation of a people.

Through the medium of the Melendy family, Edna Ferber presents in miniature the heroic spirit of those who explored, claimed, and finally settled in the incredibly romantic city of Seattle. The majestic and tyrannic power of ninety-year old "pipe smoking" Exact Melendy shows the matriarchate influence at its height. Vaughan Melendy, her lovable, dutiful son, sustains the family pride and prestige by mining its moribund fortune in Alaska during the gold rush of '98. The less assured, less purposeful Dike, son of Vaughan, represents the so-called "lost generation." It is his son, Mike, who brings the story of the Melendy's up to the present time. Through Mike, moreover, Edna Ferber voices the candid, arresting belief that today's youth not only equals, but far excels the youths of Exact's, Vaughan's, or even Dike's generations.

Granted that the times, the hazards, the rugged life of the pioneer period demanded staunch courage, dire endurance, alert initiative, and constant sacrifice, nevertheless, it is certain that today's youth possess the unbowed strength, the keen insight, the deep wisdom of a generation whose stark and poignant duty it is to wait, to be prepared.

In Madame Melendy, Edna Ferber recognizes the smugness and complacency that arise from too much power and wealth. In Vaughan, despite his experience, she points out his hopeless inability to understand and enter into the ways of Mike's generation. Again, through Mike, she rebels against the snobbish, stupid adherence to firm-set tradition.

Actually, the story has little plot. It is, as Edna Ferber states: "not so much a novel as a character outline of what will some day, at other hands, be a stupendous and dazzling piece of "America." Neither is there any one outstanding character. Even the domineering Madame fails to sustain an attitude of deference, much less one of awe. On the other hand, the minor characters are exceptionally well-drawn, especially Pansy, the only woman Vaughan ever loved.

Unlike *Cimarron* with its majesty of power and romance, unlike *So Big* with its poignant, profound tenderness, *Great Son* yields to our modern mores, and emerges, swift, free, sure. It is written to extol modern youth in a modern style: chiseled, concise, direct, terse. The book, on the whole, is abundantly entertaining. Its casual flares of humor are delightful; its message is timely.

Barbara A. Dewey, '46

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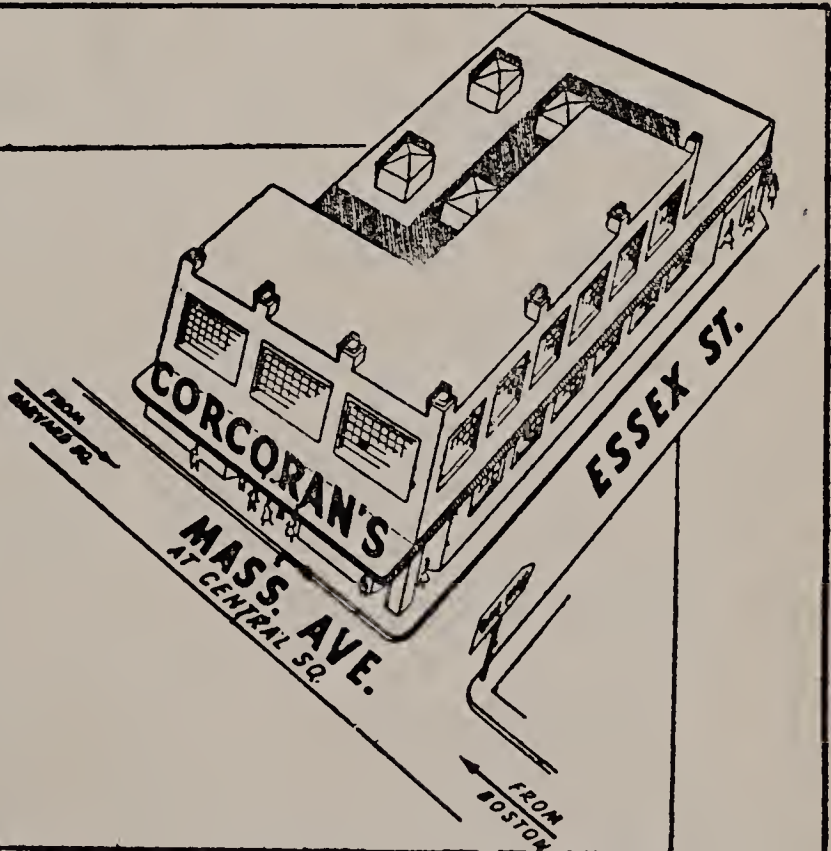
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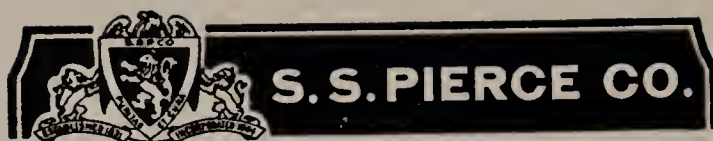


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